

THE MAD PIPER. By V. H. Friedlaender (Illustrated).

THE NATIONAL GALLERY ALTAR-PIECES. By Hugh Stokes (Illustrated).

# COUNTRY LIFE

40, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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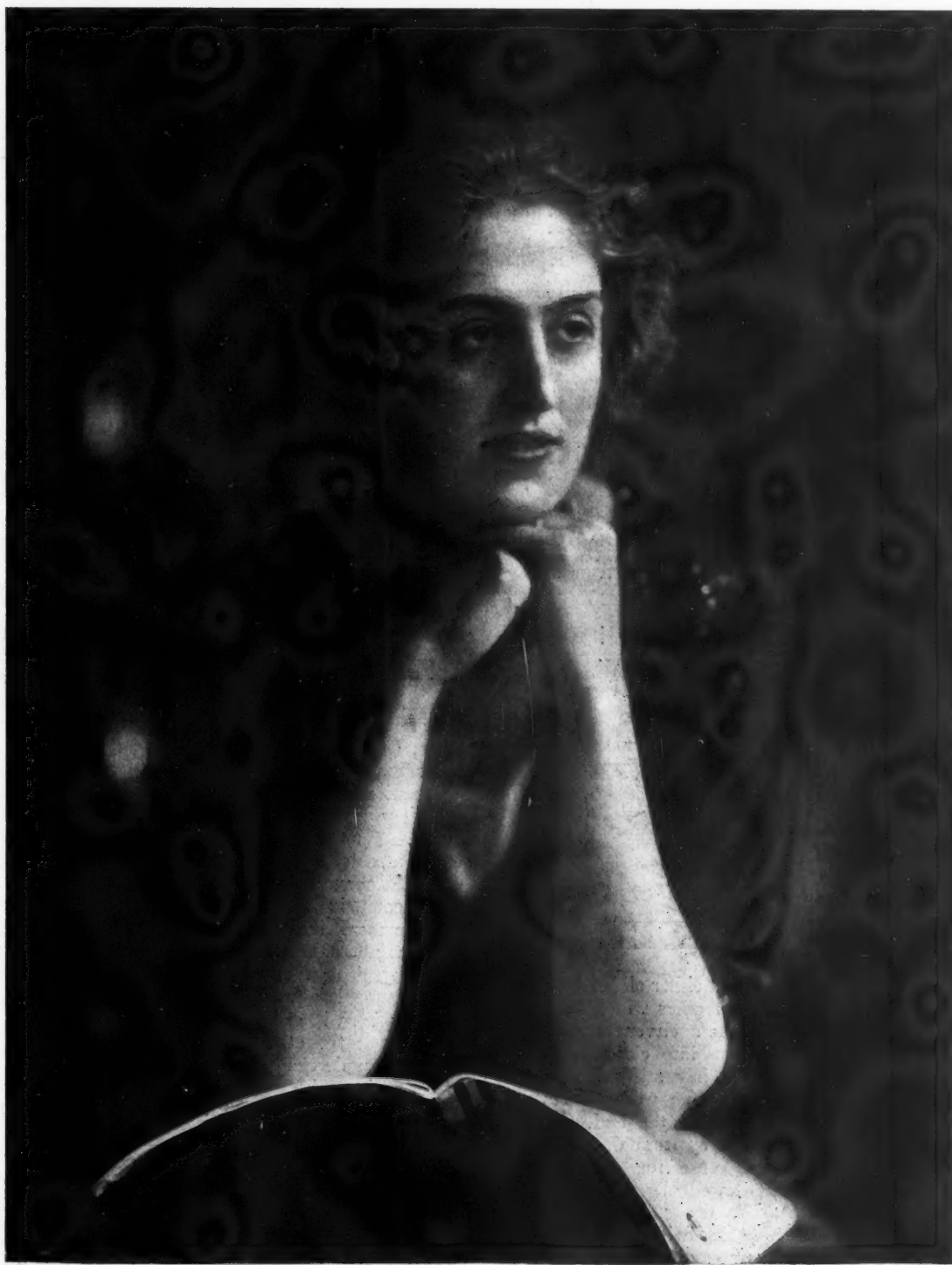
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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE VOICE OF THE PEACEMAKER

IT would be hopeless to expect that either all his American countrymen or all his English readers will be at once converted by Mr. Owen Wister's clever and earnest attempt to bring the two nations into closer harmony, the importance of doing so mainly arises from this: At the moment the two nations in the world which are progressing most towards stability are the United States and Great Britain. If we look away from them in any other direction it is to find cause for apprehension lest the War should be followed by even greater calamities. No one can survey the state of things in any of the Continental countries without recognising that danger lies ahead. In many cases, we hope in all, it will be surmounted, but that consummation will be more effectually reached if this country and America march hand in hand. That, we gather, is the opinion of Mr. Owen Wister, who carries a name famous and respected on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not against him, but rather in his favour that he won renown as a man of imagination. For without imagination it is in every way probable that the rift would be allowed to deepen.

Mr. Wister has attacked his difficult task with courage and candour. It could serve no useful end to write as though justice was wholly on one side or the other. Being a novelist Mr. Wister is able in "A Straight Deal" to look all round his subject, being a wit he tells a great many stories and quotes from [a great many letters which show that hostile feelings exist on both sides and are based on what are at least plausible grounds. He begins with ten letters selected from a number sent to him after the publication of his article called "The Ancient Grudge." They represent typical cases. The first is that of a young American who had instilled into him from childhood resentment against this country. He readily accepted the story of England shirking her duty and hiding behind her colonies, and so forth; but after he had come into touch with the British Army in the field, his opinion began to change and he regarded England as the backbone of the Allies. Another aspect of the dispute is brought out by an American sailor who recognises the worth of Englishmen, but is not able to argue with the Catholics and descendants of Irishmen about what England did to the Catholics in Ireland. The answer is obvious that it would be wrecking the ship for a ha'porth of tar if the Irish question were allowed to defeat the attempt at achieving an understanding between the two great countries. Another letter writer takes a frankly hostile point of view. He says that the two countries could unite in a common cause, but thinks that now that war is over America will go her own way, "which way, owing to the increase of our shipping and foreign trade is likely to become more and more antagonistic to England." He says right out that the only way to eliminate the ancient grudge is to construct an American navy that would surpass that of England. Other correspondents ridicule the idea of England coming in on behalf of small nations and refer to her policy in South Africa, India, the Sudan, Persia, Abyssinia, Ireland, Egypt and the lost provinces of Denmark.

These letters supply Mr. Wister with a jumping off ground. It would take too long to follow him into all the details of his argument, but the gist of it can be easily set forth. Every nation sets its own interests first; that is human nature and one country should not be blamed for it more than another. If Great Britain is to be blamed for her treatment of Ireland and her great acquisition of territory, the Americans are in no better case. Irish history is at the worst no more discreditable than the American treatment of the Indians and the manner in which Louisiana and Florida, to mention no others, were acquired by the States, leaves them no solid footing from which to hurl reproaches at us. Nothing could be more futile than to play battledore and shuttlecock with reciprocal slanging. The very fact that history reacts upon character and ideals shows that one country cannot enter fully into the sentiments and aspirations of another. But, to put the case with the utmost moderation, it could be said that no two countries approach nearer each other than America and Great Britain. Free intercourse will help to mellow, if it does not altogether obliterate, animosities that really have very little foundation of a substantial character. In the immediate future there must be many questions arising which will call for a sympathetic attitude on each side towards the other. What we require to do is to realise that underneath all the petty and family differences there remains a body of characteristics possessed equally by the two countries and that the welfare of the civilised world demands that on many international questions England and America should work hand in hand.

## Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Keppel is given on the front page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. She is the only daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bart., and was married last year to the Hon. Rupert O. D. Keppel, formerly Captain Coldstream Guards, third son of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES.

**I**N the crush of highly controversial business coming before the Commons this session there is ground for fearing that the Agricultural Bill will be squeezed out. We hope a very determined effort will be made to avert this misfortune. The Bill is the farmer's charter. His arrangements for the year have, to a large extent, been based upon the belief that it is as good as law already. Nevertheless, it would be folly to ignore the possibility that it will not be passed. The question of Ireland is going to occupy a very considerable portion of the time of the House, even if the Irish members adhere to their threat not to take any part in the discussion. That will make members on all sides of the House more critical and more determined that it shall be a measure acceptable to the Irish people. If it is not, then the labour has been in vain. Other matters involving prolonged argument are coming before the House, and though members have generally something to say about agriculture when they are making speeches outside, it is notoriously difficult to induce them to display any lively interest in an Agricultural Bill. We hope, however, that the Prime Minister, who has pledged himself to see it through, will recognise its importance and take steps to see that it is successfully carried through its various stages.

**I**N our Nature Notes of last week Mr. H. W. Robinson made a vigorous protest against the condemnation of the tern by the Scottish Fresh Water Fisheries Committee. Dr. Collinge follows this up in the present issue with refreshing point and vigour. Both writers have the highest standing as ornithologists, and it will be interesting to find if the Scottish Fresh Water Fisheries Committee can adduce any plausible answer either to his question or to his array of facts. He asks particulars about the "further investigation" on which the recommendation was founded that the tern should be withdrawn from protection. Then he proceeds to summarise the food items of the common tern as shown by investigations into the contents of the crops of birds obtained on the east and west coast of Scotland, and practically during each month of the year. Briefly, the bird's food is entirely of an animal nature, and 65 per cent. of it consists of fish of various kinds, crustacea and marine worms make up 18.5 per cent., molluscs 12 per cent., and miscellaneous animal matter 4.5 per cent. Of the fish, 35 per cent., or more than half, consists of sand eels, 6 per cent. of whiting, 6.5 per cent. of herring, 5.5 per cent. of haddock, 4 per cent. of lump-suckers, 2 per cent. each of gobies, gurnard and gunnel. Dr. Collinge has never found remains of fresh water fish or the flies and their larvæ. This is a very different story from that on which the Committee appears to have proceeded, and it is up to them to show that protection should be withdrawn from the tern on account of this very trifling consumption of fish suitable for human food.

**T**HE tern is called by the dwellers at the seaside the sea swallow, and the fact is a popular tribute to its grace and beauty. There is scarcely a prettier sight in natural history than that of a flight of these birds soaring above the waves and ever and anon dipping in search of food. It is perfectly true, also, as Dr. Collinge says, that

"apart from their extraordinary loveliness most of the species are none too plentiful." Very great trouble has been taken to protect their nests and eggs from destruction at their favourite haunts, and it would be a grief to every lover of the beautiful in nature if these precautions were withdrawn and it became as common to destroy the tern and interfere with its breeding as it is for a certain class of gamekeeper to kill owls and merlins because of their supposed depredations on game. Happily, there is a number of enlightened sportsmen who know that the damage done by these birds of prey is infinitesimal and more than atoned for by their killing of various kinds of vermin, but still there are enough of the ignorant left to deprive a countryside of these innocent and interesting birds. We hope that, at all events, the protests of our distinguished contributors will have the effect of saving the tern.

**T**HE specialist differs from the amateur inasmuch as he likes to be precise, while to harangue and theorise is of the essence of the amateur. A good example of getting to the point is to be found in an interview with Sir James Cantlie published by one of our morning contemporaries. Sir James, instead of using indignant language about the health of the people, takes three causes that are making for physical deterioration. These are scarcity of milk in the country, bad teeth, bad housing. We have frequently shown what happens in regard to milk, and are glad to learn that Sir James Cantlie has ascertained the facts. Cottagers are nearly all engaged in an attempt to do without milk themselves and are teaching their children the same habit. Writing in regard to Herefordshire, Sir James blames what he calls the "tied" farm, which is bound to send all its milk up to town. But the farms are not all tied, and the problem is to get the price down or to educate the labourer to understand that milk is worth the present price. A very hard task this! He looks at the little farm where there is no extraordinary increase in the cost of production, since the food for the cows is grown and the labour often supplied by the family, then looks askance at the announcement that milk is to be reduced to eightpence a quart—nearly three times what he was paying for it before the war, if, as is customary, he sent to the farm for it.

### SANCTUARY.

At moon-time, at sleep-time—  
(Never a soul to see)  
When the victor rests a space,  
And the vanquished soul has grace,  
Seek I the long day's guerdon—  
Speed to my Sanctuary.

The stars shall not stay me,  
Nor the night-winds thunder "Hold."  
There is a hidden way,  
(Mine, till the sun's first ray)  
And a glow-worm light shall lead me  
Into the Days of Old.

Day breaks on the scorned,  
And the scornors onward go—  
What of men's judgment word?  
Keep I my shining sword,  
Keep I my friends and lovers  
In a land they do not know.

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

**T**HE next point raised by Sir James is that of bad teeth. In professional classes it is well known that bad teeth form the source of many diseases. Sir James with emphasis asks people to consider what effect a single rotten tooth must have on the system. It means that poison and deadly matter go down the throat all day and night. It is just as bad, says the great physician, as if a man had an abscess in his arm and sucked it. Here, then, is something to remedy. Country people sin more in the way of neglecting their teeth than townspeople, and let it be remembered that the town is ultimately dependent on the country for recruiting its various callings, or, in other words, "the hope of the nation lies in its country babies." Dental surgeons ought, then, to concentrate on preventing the decay of teeth instead of being content to repair it. There is shrewd

common-sense, too, in the suggestion by which Sir James would solve the housing problem. His remedy lies in building higher houses. Instead of one storey there might be three or four, presumably to be let separately. That would be economical without transgressing the rules of health.

IN another part of the paper will be found a short review of Major Hesketh-Prichard's "Sniping in France." The author devoted himself very whole-heartedly to his unique military duties. He tells us that he lay awake at nights thinking out problems presented by that deadly shot whom he describes as "Fritz, the Forest Guard," and when the sniping was started he was untiring in his efforts to get first-rate snipers into every section of the British Army. Only that minority who had been trained to deer stalking in Scotland or who had engaged in shooting big game knew what it was to shoot with telescopic sights, and the results were so poor at first that the Government, in the sacred name of economy, tried to withdraw the glasses that had been especially fitted or borrowed to help the men. General Horne tells how that was changed by Major Hesketh-Prichard's teaching and example. But the strain must have been fearful. Since the War the author has had a long and dangerous illness, from which our readers will be glad to know he is now steadily recovering.

WITH the Seniors' and Freshmen's matches at Oxford and Cambridge we feel that the cricket season has begun in earnest, but so far it has been a cricket of wet wickets and sweaters and chilly fielding. Nothing very dramatic has been done and the ball has on the whole had a good deal the better of the bat. It is a very long time since there have been so many Freshmen of high promise. Mr. Stevens, who played for the Gentlemen last year, and Mr. Hedges at Oxford and Mr. Chapman, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Partridge at Cambridge have been talked of as Test match cricketers in embryo, and there are several others such as Mr. Jardine who are scarcely if at all less good. For such a promising crop we must almost go back to that wonderful vintage year at Cambridge 1890, if memory serves, when five Freshmen played in the eleven—Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. E. C. Streatfeild, Mr. R. N. Douglas, Mr. A. J. L. Hill and Mr. D. L. A. Jephson. Freshmen who come up heralded as great players are sometimes disappointing to begin with, but they are sure of a long trial. The Freshmen's match is a far severer ordeal for those of less fame, for the University season is a short one, and there are many players, and failure in this match may mean that they languish in obscurity for the rest of the term.

THE most welcome feature of the Academy, which opened on Monday last, lies in the extraordinary number of applicants for places in it. We understand the rejections were a record, which may be partly due to the allotment of more space in hanging the pictures. This is an improvement that will be appreciated by the visitor who in the old days had reason to complain that pictures were crowded so closely together as to kill one another. One had to look very carefully to recognise the merit of a fine canvas among a lot of others that were inferior but much more aggressive. Much can be said, therefore, in favour of trying to show the pictures better. It means, nevertheless, that there must be more rejections than usual. However, it is certain that artists have returned to the easel with great zest after the constraint imposed on them by years of warfare.

MR. BONAR LAW'S speech on the Housing Bonds scheme deserves and will, no doubt, receive universal attention. Its main feature is the transfer of financial responsibility from the nation as a whole to local authorities. The case for housing hardly needs re-statement and it grows stronger with the passage of time. The hardship falls with particular effect on the demobilised soldiers, many of whom had homes when they went away and none when they came back. It is to be remembered that young men joined up as mere lads, and during the years that have elapsed they have come to marriageable age; many of them, in fact, are married, and a separate home is necessary to them. Further, the congestion which exists in village as well as in town is a great cause of unrest and disaffection. Workers will never settle down to the serious task of increas-

ing production as long as they are crowded into ridiculously small and inconvenient houses. It is a matter of the first national importance that the building programme should be promptly carried out. No valid objection can be taken to the course pursued by the Government. The country has borrowed till it is up to the neck in debt, and many will endorse the pious hope expressed by Mr. Bonar Law that there will be no more national borrowing in his time. The only alternative is for each locality to provide the funds for the houses needed in it. This makes a fresh call on the patriotism of citizens, although, in a sense, the sacrifice will not be great. It is proposed to fix the rate of interest at six per cent., and even in these inflated times a return like that is not to be sneezed at. But we have no doubt that whoever can afford it will acquire these bonds less for investment purposes than as a help towards providing homes for the workers in town and country.

WE have always been accustomed to think of the resources of the United States as being practically inexhaustible, but very contrary opinions are being expressed on the point now. The Geological Survey has issued a warning that America is rapidly exhausting its supply of oil. The other countries of the world use about two hundred million barrels of oil yearly, and if they do not exceed this rate of consumption they have enough oil to last two hundred and fifty years. The United States, on the other hand, use double that amount and have only eighteen years' supply in front of them. The only consoling feature is that oil cannot be taken out to meet a demand on that scale in the time mentioned, hence the Americans will have either to economise in the use of oil or import it. The paper situation is even more menacing. Mr. Maunsell, the well known publisher, at a lecture the other day said that at the present rate of consumption the forests from which wood pulp is obtained would be exhausted within twenty-five years. The paper differs from oil inasmuch as the trees consumed can be replaced by planting on a large scale.

#### THE LITTLE RIVERS.

When I think of the little rivers by whose banks  
I have lost the anxious hours . . . and the days and years . . .  
Watching the glints of gold in the reedy ranks,  
And the silver drown'd when a shadowy fish appears;

And the gleam of floating flamelets, light of the sun;  
Or the pebbled shallows and shelves of the grassy brink,  
Where the thrushes between the willows dart and run,  
And in the shade, knee-deep, the cattle drink:

With a sweet delight again my inward eyes  
Invoke of those streams below'd the visioned peace,  
And I know to be there in frequenting thought is wise,  
For enchantments of a timeless loveliness.

O Avon, Nadder and Frome, Ebble and Bourne,  
Not do I musing bring one hour's lament,  
But consecrate often to you the ambrosial morn,  
Full of sweet dreams, and of more sweet content.

RUSSELL ALEXANDER.

IT would be a madman's task to attempt to teach English weather business principles, but the project to insure farmers, builders and holiday-makers against rain is approaching it very closely. What the projectors have done is to reduce the eccentricities of the weather to an average that will make them an insurable risk. The attempt is interesting as all beginnings are. It may fail because average applied to weather in this connection differs from other averages in so far that we often get a long run of one particular type. There are many weeks in which no rain falls. There are some in which it pours every day. Of course, if a long series of years be taken and the total rainfall added up and divided by the number of years, an average is obtained; but it seems to us that if one year were taken, the luck is likely to run all in favour of the insured, or, contrariwise, be with the person who grants the insurance. No doubt the statisticians know what they are about and have worked it all out, but the business is bound to be highly speculative in character.



# THE MAD PIPER

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

April, 22nd, 1920.

"A mad piper, indeed, this Spring. . . . Why, one branch of hawthorn against the sky promises more than all the summers of time can pay."—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THERE was no hawthorn, because it was just too early ; and there was no sky, because April was still obstinately weeping her girlish tears into the gutters. Still, it *was* April—April almost over—and never a forest walk. Something had to be done about it. Not an umbrella ; that would be going too far ; no piper, however mad, could be expected to survive an umbrella. But a mackintosh, perhaps, and a stick certainly—not for ornament, not even for bravado, but as an aid to jumping boggy patches. And so through the drizzle to the Cricket Field.

There the drizzle suddenly stopped. It was as if Nature, after being an active belligerent in the cause of keeping everybody at home, had adopted the attitude of a neutral waiting to see what would come of thoroughly wet feet. Time enough presently to weigh in with the victorious mud and souse a depressed, returning wanderer to the skin.

A grey, warm, windless morning. On through the mist into the little wood ; across the road and through the wet sponge of the warren ; up the hill, and then a moment's pause for the view.

An eerie, shifting view—and reminiscent of something. Spring-cleaning ?—with the furniture muffled in dust-sheets and pushed hither and thither at the behest of an all-powerful bucket and mop ? Not quite. What were they like—those scarves and swathes of grey mist that parted here and lifted there over the valley and the little wood ? A curtain ?—flapping and eddying before a picture ? Yes, that was it !—before *the* picture, the supreme, original "Spring." It was as though the great Artist, still heavy with sleep, had stretched out a hand and lazily lifted a corner, first here and then there, of the cover on his canvas. . . . And as though what lay beneath the cover gradually wakened and excited Him—as though, looking upon His work, He saw that it was good, and with a shout arose and pulled the blind to see better. . . .

The sun !—shouldering his way through the swathes of mist, slashing the broad scarves to ribbons and tossing them to the limbo of the horizon. There were the poplars, like knights

in armour, with their young leaves of shining gold ; there the willows "wrapt in a wistful dream" of their spring-to-be ; there the little white farm set on its little emerald hill and surrounded by its little, tidy, hedged fields—the whole looking more than ever like an illustration to a book of nursery rhymes. Then a cloud again. April !

On, by way of the green ride, towards the forest rising on the sweep of a hill to the grey sky. Brown trees and green on the hill, but the brown still much in the majority ; the whole giving an effect of a great dark framework on which fireworks are just taking shape—on which "blossom by blossom the spring begins."

Through the drenched grass ; through trailing brambles and under wet sprays. All the bushes grown magical with the spring, their soft, rounded outlines giving them a look of lightness and impermanence, as though a thousand large green dandelion-clocks had alighted for a moment on the grass, and would be carried into the air again by the next puff of wind.

The forest at last ; but a deep dip barring the way to it, and, in the dip, primal mud. "Now then !" (an almost audible chuckle from Nature) "What about it ?" Through—or back : no alternative. Very well, then : *through*. And suddenly, in the squelching, enveloping middle of the morass, an elementary joy of childhood recaptured—the joy of being immeasurably dirty, soaked beyond redemption, in for it.

Out and up on to the other side of the morass, and now with the hospitable feel of the forest's brown beech carpet under foot.

Green thoughts in a green shade—the thoughts of nesting birds. Not a loud concert. Absorbed chirps, happy twitters, busy hums. Hardly a concert at all, in fact—more a tuning up, the moment of excited anticipation at the play, when the lights are still lowered, the curtain down, the orchestra not quite ready.

Then another sound—far, serene, dream-like. But again and nearer and not to be denied ; the cuckoo ! And, as if to a signal, the sun. Up with the curtain and the lights. The play's the thing, and the play's begun. Difficult, however (to the incurably conceited heart of man), to realise that the play is not a special performance, the exhibition not a private view—that it is all without a thought for the audience, and would be



W. Selfe.

THE LONG, ROUGH FOREST PATH DIPPING AND RISING.

Copyright.





THE CHARM OF RUNNING WATER.

exactly the same were the audience absent! Difficult—but salutary. And presently the indifference of Nature driven home by a sharp shower.

Shelter in the woods—such shelter as a beech tree can afford when some of its leaves are like small green butterflies poised for flight, and others are still furled in their covers, tight, russet sheaths that stand sharply upright like myriads of little steeples. A fortnight—a week—and the crowning moment of a beech wood will be here. There will be no green butterflies, no brown steeples; but the whole wood will be adrift with leaves caught, as it were, in space—leaves having no visible contact with these slender brown branches that now spread, flat as tables, upon the middle air. Even the hornbeams, ancient, pollarded to a

thousand sinister faces, will share that transformation. Magic—forest magic will be abroad.

Not that it is absent even now; the beauty of a tree is that there is never a moment when it is not looking its best. And the patter of drops on the young green leaves overhead, the rustle of drops on the dead brown leaves under foot—there is magic in them, too. Life and death; life out of death; no triteness can rob the thought of the beauty that is truth.

The rich, wild smell of a wood, breathing upwards through the rain. Among the dead bracken the new fronds, uncurling like rockets. On the outside edge of the wood the young shoots of the heather, each like a miniature Christmas tree and lit already with the tiny candles of its buds.



W. Selje.

ANCIENT AND POLLARDED.

Copyright.

Fine again and fleetingly sunny. On through the wood to a green clearing and a main path. In the clearing delicate, tossing plumes of living green—stripling birches focussed between a background of blue and white sky and a foreground of flaming furze. And, hard against the birches, a tall crab apple in full blossom, preparing (as its kind have prepared for centuries) the favourite dessert of the forest deer, whose pedigree, too, is unbroken for a thousand years or so.

Down, down the path into a gorge where streams and runnels and a pond combine to work, against life's fitful fever, the charm of running water:

A stiff climb again, but unweariedly because of a last joy in store, and swiftly because the sun is still out, but will not last for ever.

The top of the hill, and the two views in their eternal rivalry of beauty. In front, the swift drop of the land, and then the wide plain sloping gradually upwards, melting—how far away!—into the horizon. The world like a map—the world at one's feet. And cloud shadows beautifully scudding across upland meadows.

Behind, just traversed, the long, rough forest path dipping

and rising, and on either side of it the trees—two unbroken sweeps of them. But not a dark framework now; pinks and purples and golds, as well as greens, of early spring picked out by the sun, matched and contrasted by the great Artist. And, close at hand—the unutterably perfect last touch to the picture—a thrush on a high, bare bough, singing; his head flung up, his breast pearl-coloured in the sun. Not a human being in sight; not a sound but Nature's. O uncommonly like a special performance—a private view!

But now the glory uncertain again; the darkening clouds; the deluge in earnest. Home through it, weary and wet as to

the legs, deplorable as to the boots, hot with that most insufferable of sensations, a mackintosh heat. No matter. April!—another April safe for ever in the heart.

And on the way home, out in the high road among the 'buses and the butchers' carts, perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, the thing of which for a whole morning there has been no hint but one—the absence of primroses and violets. There it stands, a miracle; a signpost with the strange, the all but unbelievable device—"London, 13 miles."



## THE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

### OUR ANNUAL O.T.C. RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITION.

THE annual competitions for the two COUNTRY LIFE Trophies for Public Schools Officers Training Corps have again been held and, as we hope we may fairly say, have again been very successful. The year or two after the Armistice must to some extent be critical years in the annals of school O.T.C.s. During the War not only did every boy when he was old enough join the corps as a matter of course, but he threw himself into the work not merely with keenness but with a sober seriousness. There could be no thought of "playing at soldiers" when every boy was trying to fit himself for that real thing that was ever drawing nearer and nearer. With the Armistice was bound to come a certain feeling of relief that might have degenerated into casualness and slackness. Those of us whose Public School days are now unpleasantly far behind us remember with shame either that we did not join the corps at all (perhaps we called it the "Bugshooters") or, if we did, regarded it all, and especially the time in camp, as an agreeable "rag." Those days, it may confidently be hoped, will never return. We have had it rubbed into us that it is a citizen's duty to learn to shoot as straight as he can, and the large entries for the COUNTRY LIFE Shooting Competitions and the good level of results attained may be taken to show that this lesson is still thoroughly appreciated. In our last year's report we quoted Lord Haig's words: "Only with the rifle and bayonet of the infantryman can the decisive victory be won." We repeat them again this year. Small bore rifle shooting is the basis of learning to shoot accurately with the Service rifle, and the place that it occupies in the training of our Public School cadets is very properly a prominent one.

The entries this year were on the whole very good, though a few schools who had intended to enter were prevented by one cause or another. Denstone, for instance, was decimated by that scourge of youth, the mumps. Sixty per cent. of the best shots were stricken down, and the only consolation is that from a boy's point of view it is better fun to have mumps in the term than in the holidays. Rifle defects, a lack of officers, and bad weather were other misfortunes. In the last-named instance the Officer Commanding reported that on the only available day the light was so extraordinary that "not a single cadet could distinguish even one prominent object on the target from another." We must condole with those who could not enter, but, on the whole, however, we have every reason to be well satisfied.

There are two trophies, one open to schools furnishing contingents to the Junior Division of the O.T.C. having three or more platoons of infantry, the other for those having less than three platoons. In the former there are four targets—grouping, rapid, snap-shooting and landscape target—and these may be said to test respectively steadiness, quickness, the power of being alert and on the *qui vive*, and in the last case leadership and marksmanship combined. It may be interesting to set out the conditions of the landscape target.

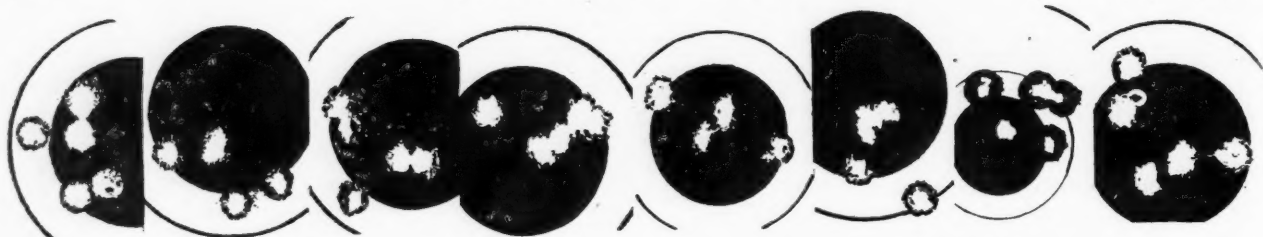
(a) Team of six under a leader, the latter equipped with field glasses for use *only* when describing the target (the leader does not shoot).

(b) The superintending officer will hand to the leader a miniature of the full landscape target on which the centres of three aiming points will be clearly marked with a pinhole. The leader will direct the fire of his team in pairs on the positions indicated. No method other than word of mouth may be employed for indicating the positions. On no account may the miniature be seen by anyone except the superintending officer and the leader of the team.

(c) Rounds: Three per man. Time: Five minutes from the moment the superintending officer hands the miniature target to the leader of the team until the last shot fired.

This first competition was won by Charterhouse, who have twice won it previously, in 1916 and 1917. Nine points behind them came King Edward's School, Birmingham. Third, rather a long way behind, came Radley, who have an honourable record in the competition with three successive wins in 1912, 1913 and 1914; and fourth were last year's winners, Winchester. The Judges say: "The competition resulted in a very close struggle between the two leading teams. Our congratulations are offered to the winners, who made an excellent shoot in the first three practices and a fair score on the landscape target, and they thoroughly deserve their victory. The second team also shot well and on their landscape target no less than 15 out of the 18 shots fired hit within the 2in. circle. This reflects great credit upon the team leader, who must have given his men a very accurate description of the exact points of aim. Unfortunately the score upon the landscape target shot by Shrewsbury School had to be disallowed, as the condition stating that the competition was to be fired throughout at 25yds. range when available was not strictly complied with."



Wellington  
College, Salop.  
L.-Cpl. S. W.  
Frost.St. Paul's School.  
Pte. W. G. N.  
Lightfoot.Harrow.  
Sgt. J. L. Carlisle.Cheltenham.  
Sgt. J. Burrows.King Edward's  
School, Bir'ham.  
L.-Cpl. A. M.  
Stevens.King's College  
School, Wim-  
bledon.  
Pte. Stainforth.King Edward's  
School, Bath.  
Cdt. P. C.  
Smart.Haileybury.  
C.-S.-M. Thompson.

## FIVE SHOTS IN ONE INCH GROUPS.

In the second competition there are three targets—grouping, rapid and landscape. The winners were King Edward's School, Bath, followed at a rather respectful distance by Trent College, West Buckland, and Wellington, Salop. As in the first competition, the winners were top of the list at two targets, in this case grouping and rapid, but fell away slightly at landscape. The Judges report as follows: "In this event the winners were considerably ahead of all their competitors, while very few points divided the next four teams and, as in the case of the above, the winners, the King Edward's School, Bath, secured the highest points on the grouping and rapid practices which makes their victory all the more deserved. Unfortunately Kelvinside Academy in mistake shot eight competitors at the landscape which caused their disqualification."

It should be added that up to and in the year 1915 we offered rifles as prizes. In 1915 we found it impossible to obtain rifles, and did not offer them again till 1919, when we were also disappointed. The War Office has, however, come to our rescue and has arranged to have them supplied from the Royal Small Arms Factory. We hope soon to receive them, and will then send out the rifle prizes for 1915 and 1919, as well as those for this year.

## "COUNTRY LIFE" PUBLIC SCHOOLS O.T.C. TROPHY.

Winners: Charterhouse School. Grouping, 90; rapid, 244; snap-shooting, 158; landscape, 118; total, 610.

Second: King Edward's School, Birmingham. Grouping, 80; rapid, 242; snap-shooting, 119; landscape, 160; total, 601.

Third: Radley College. Grouping, 65; rapid, 220; snap-shooting, 133; landscape, 139; total, 557.

Teams from the following schools competed and are named in scoring order: Winchester College; Whitgift Grammar School; Lancing College; Ardingly College; St. Paul's School; King's College, Wimbledon; Rossall School; Emanuel School, Wandsworth; Marlborough College; Epsom College; Malvern College; Eton College; King William's College, Isle of Man; City of London School; Rugby School; Cheltenham College; Aldenham School; Shrewsbury School; Merchant Taylors' School; Cranleigh School; George Watson's Boys' College; Stonyhurst College; Mill Hill School; Haileybury College; Harrow School; Uppingham School; Brighton College; Wellington College, Berks; Gresham's

School, Holt; Merchiston Castle School; Bridlington School; Tonbridge School.

The highest score in the grouping targets was made by Whitgift, with 95 points; Charterhouse, second, with 90 points, and Winchester, third, with 85 points.

Charterhouse made top score in the rapid with 244 points; King Edward's School Birmingham, second, with 242 points, and Winchester, third, 240 points.

The highest score in the snap-shooting was made by Charterhouse, 158 points; second, Radley, with 133 points, and third, King Edward's School, Birmingham, 119 points.

King Edward's School, Birmingham, made the best landscape score, with 160 points; Radley, second, 139 points, and Charterhouse School, third, 118 points.

Sergt. Crawford, Merchant Taylors', made a possible (30 points) in the rapid shooting, and the following individual competitors made 28 points: Cpl. Clarke, Shrewsbury; Cpl. Gluning, Emanuel School; Sergt. Ash, Ardingly; Coy. Sergt.-Major Volze, Whitgift; L.-Cpl. Hawke, Cpl. Foot and Cadet Whitaker, Winchester; L.-Cpl. C. E. R. Mellor, Cpl. Burton and Cpl. Mucklow, Radley; Cpl. Vaughan-Bradley, L.-Cpl. Stevens, L.-Cpl. Seldon and Cadet Hale, King Edward's School, Birmingham; L.-Cpl. Masefield, L.-Cpl. Peal, L.-Cpl. Worssam and Cadet Holland, Charterhouse.

The following individual competitors scored possibles (20 points) in the snap-shooting: L.-Cpl. Masefield, Cpl. Burton Brown, Cadet Christensen and Cpl. Myers, Charterhouse; Cpl. Vaughan-Bradley, King Edward's School, Birmingham; L.-Cpl. C. E. R. Mellor and Sergt. Park, Radley; Coy. Sergt.-Major Volze, Whitgift; L.-Cpl. Rowe and Sergt. Pain, Lancing College; Sergt. Mather, Ardingly; Cadets Collins and Edgell, St. Paul's School; E. Appleton, Rossall School; Cpl. Mehew, City of London School; L.-Cpl. Parmiter, Rugby; Cadet Benson, Merchant Taylors' School; Cadet R. D. Young, Haileybury.

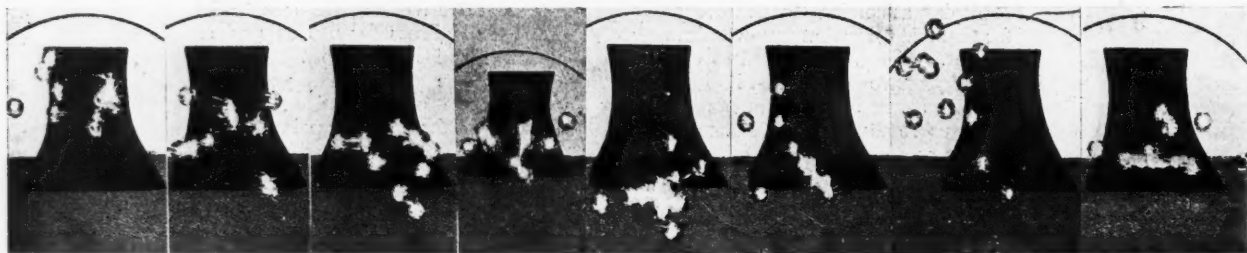
## "COUNTRY LIFE" OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS TROPHY.

Winners: King Edward's School, Bath. Grouping, 95; rapid, 267; landscape, 134; total, 496.

Second: Trent College, Derbyshire. Grouping, 59; rapid, 256; landscape, 144; total, 459.

Third: West Buckland School. Grouping, 75; rapid, 263; landscape, 112; total, 450.

The following schools are placed in order according to points scored: Wellington College, Salop; Giggleswick School; Oratory School, Birmingham; The Leys School; Reading School; King's School, Bruton; Framlingham College, Suffolk; Edinburgh Academy; Exeter School; St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate; St. Edward's School, Oxford; Forest School, Walthamstow; Beaumont College, Windsor;

Edinburgh  
Academy.  
Cdt. C. C. MitchellTrent College.  
Cdt. RosevearGiggleswick.  
Cpl. HallidaySt. Lawrence  
College.  
Pte. C. J. E. Rathbone.Malvern.  
Sgt. J. D. MonroShrewsbury.  
Cpl. D. ClarkeEton.  
Pte. Mit'ordLey's School.  
Cpl. Gray.

## RAPID FIRING TARGETS: HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE 30 POINTS.

Radley.  
L.-Cpl. C. E. R.  
Mellor.Charterhouse.  
Corporal Burton  
Brown.Marlborough.  
Corporal W. G.  
Latham.Rugby.  
L.-Corporal  
Parmiter.Lancing.  
Sergt. Pain.Winchester.  
L.-Cpl. Hawke.City of London.  
Cpl. Mehew.Whitgift.  
C.-S.-M. Volze.

## SNAP-SHOOTING TARGETS: HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE, 20 POINTS.



North Eastern County School, Barnard Castle; Campbell College, Belfast; Nottingham High School; Sir Roger Manwood's School; Bournemouth School; Royal Grammar School, Lancaster; St. John's School, Leatherhead; Taunton School; Dartford Grammar School; Wilson's School, Camberwell; All Hallows' School, Honiton; Manchester Grammar School; King's College, Taunton; Louth School, Lincs; Kelly College, Tavistock; Kelvinside Academy.

King Edward's School, Bath, and St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, tied in the grouping with 95 points each; Manchester Grammar School, second, with 90 points, and Edinburgh Academy, third, with 77 points.

King Edward's School, Bath, made top score in the rapid with 267 points, West Buckland School, second, with 263 points, and Edinburgh Academy, third, with 259 points.

Trent College made the highest score in the landscape, with 144 points; Reading School, second, 140 points, and King Edward's School, Bath, third, with 134 points.

Cadet Rosevear, of Trent College, made the maximum number of points (30) in the rapid, and the following individual competitors made 29 points: L.-Cpl. Merchant and Cpl. Moore, King Edward's School,

Bath; S. S. Mallannah, West Buckland School; L.-Cpl. Frost, Wellington College, Salop; Cpl. Halliday, Giggleswick; C. C. Mitchell, Edinburgh Academy; Cadet Rathbone, St. Lawrence College. The following made 28 points: Cadet Lane, and L.-Cpl. Long, King Edward's School, Bath; Cadets Simpson, Goodwin and Bolam, and L.-Cpl. Ross-Hurst, Trent College; J. R. Shawyer, L. G. D. Pearce, I. R. Stephens, S. J. Mallannah and G. B. R. Stephens, West Buckland; Cpl. Hepper, Wellington College, Salop; Cadet Bowring, Oratory School; Cpl. Gray, Ley's School; Cpl. F. P. Coles, King's School, Bruton; Culnan, Framlingham; D. J. Gillespie, Edinburgh Academy; Sergt. C. M. Thorman and Cadet Harding Newman, St. Edward's School, Oxford; Sergt. Troughton, Forest School; Millington, Campbell College, Belfast; Cadet H. O. Newmarch, Royal Grammar School, Lancaster.

Out of a possible 40 points in the grouping and rapids the following individual competitors scored 39 points: L.-Cpl. Merchant and Cpl. Moore, King Edward's School, Bath; S. S. Mallannah, West Buckland; L.-Cpl. Frost, Wellington College, Salop; Cpl. Halliday, Giggleswick; C. C. Mitchell, Edinburgh Academy; Cadet Rathbone, St. Lawrence College.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY ALTAR-PIECES

BY HUGH STOKES.

PICTURE galleries, as we know them at present, are becoming an increasing obstacle to our enjoyment of the arts. The larger they become the less easy it is for us to appreciate their contents. The rearrangement in progress at the National Gallery shows that the directors of some of these institutions are at last alive to the drawbacks of their unwieldy collections, and that the reaction has happily commenced. The truth is that the first interrogative of a curator should be, not "How many pictures can I display?" but "How few can I hang on my walls?" The public gallery, with its uniformed officials, its turnstiles, its regulations, its leave your stick and umbrella on the right, wipe your boots on the mat, and, generally speaking, keep off the grass, is one of the many detestable inventions of the nineteenth century. An atmosphere has been created which is entirely foreign to art. Fine pictures are seldom at their best when exhibited in bulk. Objects of art lose their individuality in a crowd in exactly the same manner as human beings. They were never created to fight their way in a mob, but rather to live serene lives above the altar of some silent church or in the peaceful seclusion of a great man's cabinet. This new environment plays them false. They were meant for our joy. Now they are being degraded to the level of museum specimens, objects of instruction for the gaping and uninformed, the prey of University Extension lecturers, and an empty amusement for idlers who wish to get out of the rain.

Thirty years ago the conditions were not so bad. Their increasing wealth and number of their acquisitions are converting the larger galleries of Europe into artistic nightmares. In 1890 our National Gallery did not own more than

about 1,400 pictures. To-day it has considerably over 3,000. This continuing accumulation is the danger curators have to guard against, a danger only to be avoided by the most exacting selection and the most careful arrangement. When a gallery has reached a certain size extensions are to be avoided. The most pleasant galleries are the smaller ones, such as Hertford House, or the Hôtel Jacquemart-André in the Boulevard Haussmann. Nothing can be more delightful and fitting for its contents than the Casa del Greco at Toledo, a tiny casket holding a few gems. The age of huge picture galleries is over. A few works of quality in three or four small rooms give far more pleasure than innumerable canvases of varying value spread across the wastes of some pretentiously designed top-lighted corridor.

Last week the Trustees of the National Gallery reopened half a dozen rooms which for the past five years have been devoted to other needs. An extraordinarily successful experiment in re-hanging has been attempted. The gallery is very rich in those wonderful altar-pieces which were the pride of Renaissance Italy. They are mostly early acquisitions, and it is unlikely that we shall ever be able to add to their number. Painted for a clearly defined purpose, under conditions belonging to a dead past, they undoubtedly lost much of their appeal by being scattered throughout the different rooms of the gallery and intermixed with subjects of a more secular nature. The happy thought has occurred at Trafalgar Square to hang them together in the domed octagon and the galleries which radiate like chancel, nave, and transepts from the centre. The result is that they regain much of their former dignity and impressiveness. We ourselves are able to approach them

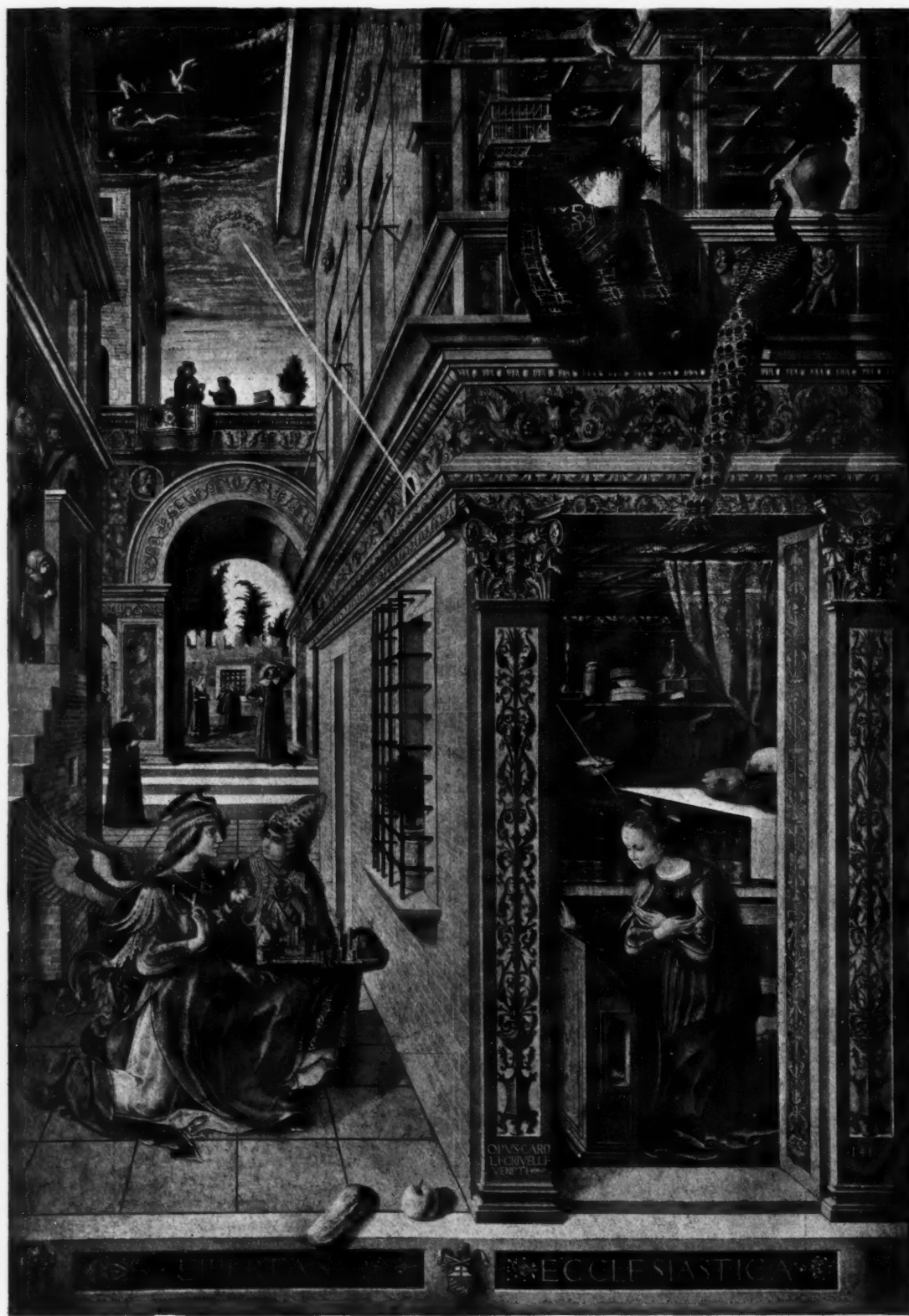


LOOKING ACROSS THE DOMED OCTAGON TOWARDS THE "ANSIDEI MADONNA."

in a different spirit. The four bays of the rotunda contain Francia's "Virgin and the Infant Christ with St. Anne," with the exquisite lunette from Lucca; the glorious "Madonna and Child with Saints," by Francia's pupil, Ercole Grandi of Ferrara; Cima's "Incredulity of St. Thomas" from Portogruaro; and Signorelli's "Virgin and Child crowned by Angels," which came to the gallery some twenty years ago. The small vaulted corridor, which formerly led to Gallery VII, has been closed at one end, and the doorway covered with a richly figured brocade against which has been placed the "Ansidei Madonna." On each side are the Crivellis, of which the gallery has an unequalled collection, together with Marziale's "Circumcision" and Tura's "Madonna and Child enthroned." In the southern room, which may be called the nave, are altar-pieces by Girolamo dai Libri, Borgognone, Perugino and others. The rooms which form the crossing contain the great Sebastiano del Piombo, Parmigiano, Moretto

da Brescia, Garofalo and Foppa. In this company Veronese seems a trifle out of place. The later Venetians were more graceful than spiritual. The worldly Veronese, great as he is, shows to a disadvantage by the side of the pious Moretto, who, like Francia, never commenced a religious picture without much prayer.

To describe in any detail these magnificent canvases is unnecessary. They are familiar to every frequenter of the gallery. After years of seclusion they have emerged with welcome freshness. Again we are able to indulge in our own personal fancies and speculations, and to renew old friendships. How did that bored little dog of uncertain parentage, an epitome of the whole dogdom of Italy, manage to settle down in the centre of Marziale's "Circumcision"?—the only soul beneath those frescoed vaults entirely and frankly uninterested in the trying rite. How absorbed these craftsmen were in every aspect



THE "ANNUNCIATION" OF CARLO CRIVELLI.



of beauty and joy manifest in this "warm, kind world." Study Crivelli's "Annunciation," not for its actual story, but for its almost exuberant delight in decoration and adornment, carved pilasters, swags of fruit, flowers, carpets from the East, peacocks, doves, and two of the most friendly and unaffected angels who ever winged their way down from the clouds.

Fate has not been altogether kind to these great works. They are exiles in a strange and cold land. They have been numbered, catalogued, inscribed, becoming the sport of hucksters and the playthings of experts, transferred from the service of religion to that of art. These solemn fantasies of Scripture lore, these grave processions of prophets, saints and martyrs wandering

through world terrestrial and world spiritual, these commentaries upon age-worn dogma and creed, these ecstasies of human love and sacrifice divine, were conceived for a nobler end. No mere museum pieces, they were once vital testimonies of belief, banners of faith raised above the tabernacle to rot into eternity amid the mutter of unceasing prayer and the childlike and imploring appeal of distressed humanity. These unsmiling Madonnas, these pale agonising martyrs, these self-conscious saints—do they ever long for the old days, when, uplifted in glory above the adoring faithful, they breathed the sweet-scented air of incense, and, lulled by the rise and fall of hymn and chant, dreamed through the hours behind the flickering candles?



THE "MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS," BY ERCOLE GRANDI OF FERRARA.





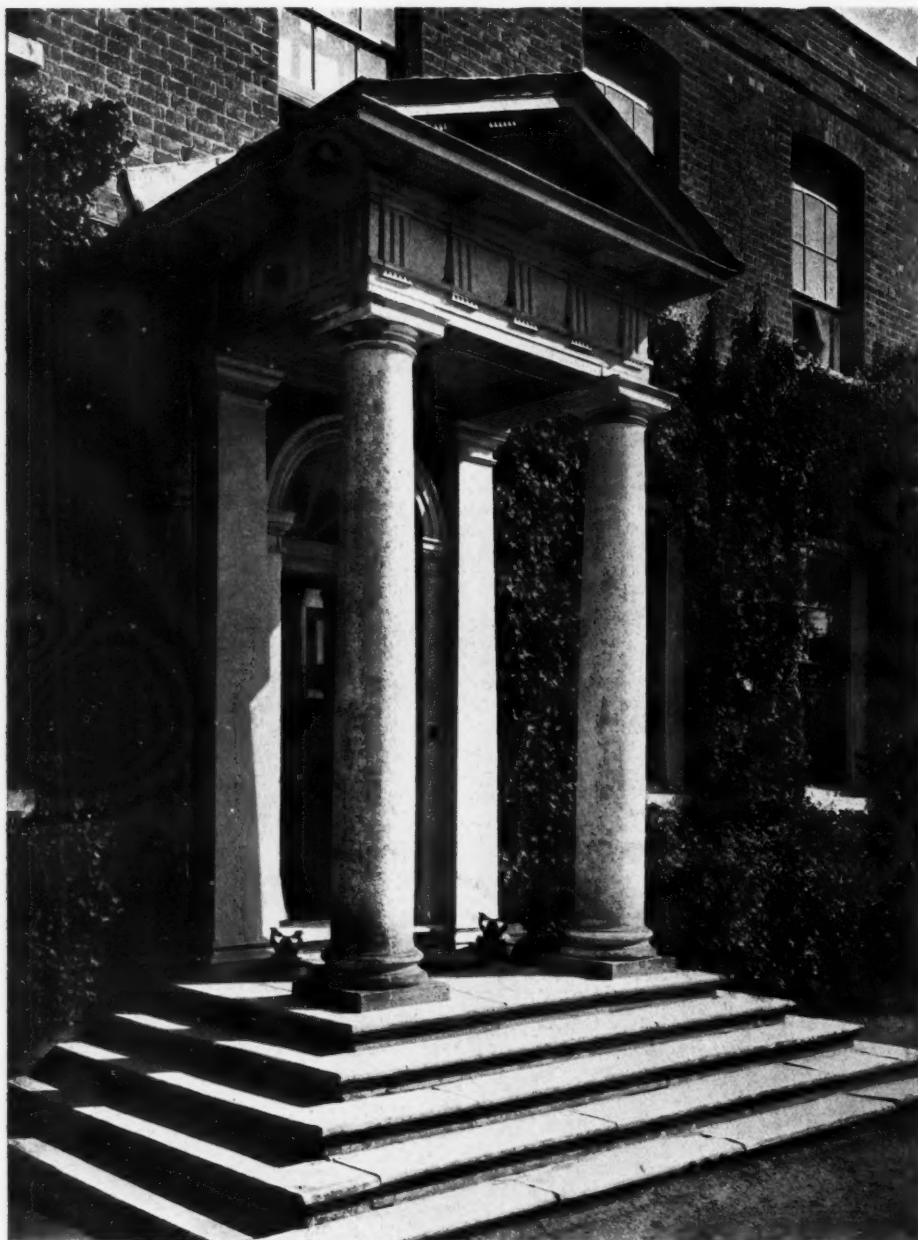
OVENDEN is a charming little early eighteenth century house with additions made at various dates, and standing at the south-west corner of the park of Chevening, but in the parish of Sundridge. Hasted, who published his "History of Kent" in 1778, dismisses it curtly with the remark: "In the northernmost part of this parish stands *Ovenden* the seat of Forth Winter Esq." Nor can very much be added to this except by conjecture. The soundest "document" is perhaps the presence of rain-water heads bearing the date 1745. Judging from internal details that is a little late for the building of the house, so that we must

judge either that it was decorated somewhat conservatively or that the rain-water heads were set up a score or so of years after the main building operations.

Although never Lennard property, Ovenden appears on the Chevening estate map of 1613 as a much lesser edition of the old gabled Chevening house. On the 1679 map the Chevening of Inigo Jones is drawn, as we have seen, but Ovenden retains its ancient characteristics. In 1613 it was the dwelling of a small estate belonging to Giles Smith, on which, a century later, Robert Smith raised a £400 mortgage. It then passed through several hands, and in 1753 Robert Tothill left it to "Leonora

Anne Pynsent of Burton, spinster," evidently a relative of the Sir William Pynsent who in 1765 left his Somerset estate of Burton Pynsent to Lord Chatham. We must surmise that in 1745 or earlier Robert Tothill built a five-windowed house, in the style of his day, a little way in front of the old dwelling, and transformed the latter into kitchens and other offices, connected with his new building by a passage. Miss Pynsent did not retain her bequest, but sold it for £4,100 to Forth Winter, who added single-storey wings, each containing a large sitting-room at the east and west ends. In recent times the western wing has been raised to give more bedroom accommodation, the offices have been increased, the two original sitting-rooms to the right of the front door (Fig. 1) have been thrown into one (Fig. 2), and the back room on the left of the staircase (Fig. 4) has been opened out as a hall. All this has been done with the least possible disturbance of or addition to the original fittings and decorations which show how excellently designed and finished even small interiors were apt to be in Georgian days.

Under the Winter ownership Ovenden becomes a subject of occasional mention in the life-long correspondence between Lady Stanhope and Lady Chatham, preserved at Chevening. We saw last week how Philip, second Earl Stanhope, and Grisel, his wife, resided in Geneva for some years, and how, during their absence, Chevening was lent for the summer of 1769 to the Chathams. There the great statesman, who was out of office, employed his leisure not only in surveying the park and deciding on the roadway



Copyright.

1.—THE PORCH AND FRONT DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The house was originally a five-windowed Georgian house built in or before 1745. A room was added at the east and west ends in or after 1753, and these have since been altered.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM.

Composed of the two original sitting-rooms to the right of the entrance. The 1753 east room is reached through it.

Copyright.





Copyright.

## 3.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Being the 1753 west room enlarged and redecorated.



Copyright.

## 4.—THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The room on the left has recently been thrown in and through it is the dining-room.

through it which became known as Chatham's Drive, but also in busying himself about the question of whether Ovenden should be acquired by his absent friends. In June Lady Stanhope had ended a long letter to Lady Chatham by saying :

I must add a word more, there is a lawyer (Mr. Winter) that lives just by us, he purchased an estate a few years ago of Miss Pynsent, which estate I much wished that we had purchased, but it was not approved of, so I could not prevail, so we never even bid for it. Our Steward writes that it is whispered that it is to be sold soon, & if so I hope we shall be wiser this time ; but, however, we must manage it cleverly, as we shall have to do with one who knows very well what he is about. The reason I write all this is that it is so near that you may perhaps see the place and inhabitants, & I desire that my L<sup>d</sup> may not commend it much, or it may raise it at least £500. It is of less value to us now than formerly as he has cut timber and such a house is useless ; but, however, it lies so well that I hope we shall have the luck to get it . . . 'tis only such poor devils as us that can afford to give rather more for a thing than it is worth.

Chatham, without it is to be hoped commending, saw the place during the summer, and in October writes advising the Stanhopes to buy "be the price what it may. I can venture to assure you that the acquisition will add to the general value of Chevening as the seat of your family more than what it costs" Brampton, the steward, backs up this unthrifty view of the matter, but takes care to do it under cover of the great man.

L<sup>d</sup> Chat<sup>m</sup> seems very anxious about Mr Winter's Estate, is fearful, if it is to be disposed of, my Lord will miss the opportunity of purchasing it, as it lies so handy to the Duke of Argyle, &c., and so good a distance from Town, that it would be almost any body's money ; therefore, thinks if it should be again Advertised or offered to sale, he would not advise my Lord to stick for a trifle of money in regard to the purchase, and to push as hard for it as possible.

Ovenden lies between Chevening and Combe Bank, where Morris had recently built a house for John, fourth Duke of Argyle who, says Hasted, "made it one of the principle seats of his residence." This, no doubt, made Brampton believe that he had an eye on Ovenden as a desirable extension of his boundaries. However, it proved at this time nobody's money, and not till after Winter became a bankrupt did the Stanhopes become purchasers ; a conveyance, dating from August, 1780, showing that Philip, second Earl Stanhope, bought the estate of 127 acres from Winter, his mortgagors and receivers for the sum of £4,800. As Winter had "cut timber," and it now fetched £700 more than he gave, Lady Stanhope was right in regretting that they had not bid first in 1753. Winter had never finished his additions and had let the place fall into decay, so that Lady Stanhope writes to Lady Chatham three months after the purchase :

We are at last in possession of Wintour's, but it is so *délabré* that I dread the having more busyness to set it to rights ; no determination yet whether to let or pull down. It is wind & water tight, so there let it stay till more at leisure to think about.



The result of thought was to let it on lease for two lives, but when Lady Stanhope was left a widow in 1786 she desired it as a dower house and, as she wrote to Lady Chatham in July of that year, she accepted the tenant's offer to give it up to her, and then she set about the repairs and improvements indicated in the following letter :

I feel the folly of the late Possessor of this place who chose to make it a *villa*, & his additional buildings, never repaired, give me much trouble. As I, at my Son's desire, set here Rent free, I peak myself in being a good Tenant & tho' it will lighten my Purse I feel this satisfaction that I am, in *something*, still of some little service to him, for he must do the work I now do if I did not. I have been obliged to new cover & lead the House, & I have now been busy ordering the same for the Excessencies (2 Rooms which were added to the House for what is a Villa without Bow window), I hope therefore to be soon wind & water tight.

Her devotion to her son peeps out here as in many of her letters.

We glanced last week at his political extremes, his inventor's extravagances, his domestic eccentricities, his paternal harshness. But they never influence her abiding faith in him. In her correspondence from Ovenden we find the bright side of the dark picture drawn by his children. Of them the ablest and best remembered is Lady Hester. But she was imaginative. The Oriental picturesqueness which led her eventually to settle in the East tinged her "Recollections," which we have not from her own pen, but from her conversations with her secretary. The far-away childhood of herself and her brothers and sisters thus assumed a melodramatic aspect by no means reflected in the Ovenden letters. There is nothing there of Hester being sent out on to the common to tend turkeys, or of her younger brothers being brought up as a blacksmith and a shoemaker. The father was a keen and able inventor and mechanic who liked his workshop and his artificers, and wished his sons to share his interests. He also had republican opinions which were not popular in his class and country. He was unsympathetic to his family, and ended his life in loneliness at Chevening. But the children were neither immured, starved nor ill dressed. They often are over with their grandmother, and we get such reports as :

Yesterday our three girls dined with me. They are very well in health and looks, and very merry and happy. Hester made me admire her brown gown, which colour becomes her very much. She has a very good taste in dress.

We hear, too, that the children are "well amused at home, dancing, acting, &c.," and when they grow up they attend every possible ball and "never return before five, often seven o'clock." As the late hours ill suit the girls' stepmother the father is apt to act as chaperon.

When Mahon—who had escaped from Chevening in 1801—marries and is advised to take measures to prevent his father from wasting or alienating the family estates, it is with the earl that the dowager sides. In the will which she makes in his favour in 1805 she declares herself "much dissatisfied with the conduct of my grandson." As she was then eighty-six years of age she may well have thought it prudent to make final dispositions. But she had another seven years of life, and in 1811 wrote: "Thank God I am enjoying better health in my ninety-third year than many younger people are blessed with." But her end was then at hand, so that we

find Lady Bessborough writing in December to Lord Granville Leveson-Gower :

You should read L<sup>d</sup> Stanhope's character of his Mother who is just dead. Lord Holland was very entertaining in taking off his way of talking of her formerly—"she's the shrewdest old woman you ever met with—just such another as I, full of fun."

"A person more remarkable for acuteness of understanding and exquisite sensibility of heart has perhaps never existed," is the by no means undeserved panegyric of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which published her obituary notice in 1812. Thus Ovenden was her home for fully a quarter of a century. Since her time it has seen a succession of tenants, among them, about thirty-five years ago, being the late Lord Rhondda. Since his tenancy various changes giving additional accommodation have been carried out. The chief alterations and repairs were made by the present earl in 1906, but a good deal of redecoration



Copyright.

5.—IN THE ROOM TO THE LEFT OF THE ENTRANCE.

"C.L."

has been effected by Sir William Plender, who has produced perfect harmony between the Georgian house and the exceptionally fine English furniture of the same period of which he is so ardent a collector.

The good finish of the original house makes itself felt the moment the threshold is crossed. Although the entrance is no more than a broad passage 7ft. 6ins. wide, it is, as seen in the illustration of a side table that stands in it (Fig. 6), wainscoted in large panels. The woodwork is taken up to ceiling height and ends with a bold enriched cornice. All this is in pine wood, of course originally painted, but now, in consonance with the present taste, stripped, toned to a cool grey and slightly beeswaxed, making an exceedingly pleasant surface both as to tone and texture. It ends with Ionic pilasters at the foot of



Copyright.

6.—IN THE ENTRANCE.

The side-table, 4ft. long, dating about 1740, is in the William Kent manner.



7.—ONE OF FOUR CHAIRS. "C.L."

Dating about 1690, in the Daniel Marot manner.

the stairs (Fig. 4), which occupy a 10ft. width. The balusters, three to a tread, are twisted for the greater part of their height, and the ends of the treads are supported on carved scrolls. There is a lofty round-headed window on the half landing, and some very nice detail of arching and doorways when the first floor is reached. Very similar wainscoting and cornices are found in the rooms on either side of the entrance. The room on the left has modillions to its cornice. The chimneypiece (Fig. 5), although an old one of the date of the house, is an

introduction. But the two in the now combined rooms (Fig. 2) on the right of the entrance are original to their positions; the more important one being in the manner of William Kent and answering quite well to the date of the rain-water heads. Above it hangs a portrait of Miss Benyon by Sir Peter Lely. Through the door between the two chimneypieces the east drawing-room is reached. This is one of Winter's "excesses," which were so badly built that Grisel Lady Stanhope had, as we have seen, to "new cover" them some thirty years



8.—MIRROR SURROUNDED BY EIGHT PETIT POINT PANELS.

The subjects illustrate Genesis, Chapters I—III.



9.—MIRROR SURROUNDED BY HIGHLY EMBOSSED NEEDLEWORK SUBJECTS.





10.—CASKET IN HIGHLY EMBOSSED NEEDLEWORK. Biblical subjects on all four sides. On the top a shepherdess and her flock under trees. This illustration shows the back.



Copyright. 11.—FRONT VIEW OF THE CASKET. "C.L." It stands on a table, 2ft. 3ins. wide and 2ft. 6ins. high. It is of pine wood, originally gilt, now painted black with gilt enrichment; date about 1745.

after he built them. They had no special character or finish, and both the drawing-room and the dining-room to the west have been remodelled and redecorated. The dining-room is now of very considerable size, its original measurements of 24ft. by 16ft. having had a westward addition of 18ft. by 17ft. The new brown and gold wall scheme is a very pleasant rendering of the Georgian style (Fig. 3). Here, as everywhere, there are excellent examples of furniture. The chairs with richly carved backs are of the Chippendale straight-leg type and will date from about 1760; but the side table is cabrioled



12.—IN THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM. The mirror, of the William III period, is placed, as intended, between windows.

with a shell on the knee and ball and claw feet. For this claw a lion's paw is substituted in the entrance hall side-table (Fig. 6), where the shell again appears on the knee. It is a very pleasant and not over-done and over-heavy example of the Kent style and will be of much the same date as the mantelpiece already alluded to in the long drawing-room. There we find a quite charming collection of pieces of furniture and decorative objects. An elegant *petit point* tripod firescreen partly hides an *escritoire* with drawers below and a





Copyright.

13.—FORMAL WATER GARDEN RECENTLY MADE BEHIND THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

14.—THE STABLES AND POND GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The porch is just seen through a great beech tree, and the lawns stretch out in front of the house till they reach the boundary of Chevening Park.

"let down" upper part very racy lacquered. It stands on one side of the doorway into the east room, and on the other side a real gem is placed. It is a casket covered with the highly *repoussé* or "stump" needlework fashionable in the middle years of the seventeenth century, but is so exceptional that Mr. Kendrick of the Victoria and Albert Museum writes: "I must confess that I have never seen anything like it myself." Back (Fig. 10) and front (Fig. 11) and on each side are figure subjects, no doubt all Biblical, that in front probably being the three Magi introduced before Herod. The figures are vivaciously rendered in high relief and rich colouring on a cream ground; trees, buildings, flowers are all delightfully worked. But the surprise is on the top. Here, wires sustaining the needlework, we have the full presentment of a pastoral scene. On a central mound a shepherdess, with enormous sun hat, sits under an oak tree. In her right hand is her crook, and around her, also in the shade of trees, her flock disports itself. This unique and splendid example of its craft came from a house in Hampshire, the name of which it is desired should not be given, but what is known of its history should be set down and preserved. It must not so engross attention that the table it stands on is overlooked. The cabriole legs begin and end with a whorled scroll overlaid with acanthus leafage, which is again used upright and formally on the frame, part hidden by the great shell which sits on the apron and rises so as to appear curled over at the top by the pressure of the marble slab. It was originally gilt, but the ground is now black and the gilding confined to the enrichments. In the same room we find four chairs

(Fig. 7) dating from the very beginning of the cabriole period. The legs are connected with a flat curved stretcher of the William and Mary type, and the cane back, still somewhat reminiscent of the days of Charles II, betokens the pen of Daniel Marot, who designed much for William III at Hampton Court. Between windows is a tall, narrow mirror of much the same date (Fig. 12). It is in two plates, the base of the upper one emphasising the junction with five incised leaf motifs. The framing is of glass strips divided and shaped to suit the cresting and very delicately enriched. Two other mirrors are of quite different character. The looking-glass occupies a central but very circumscribed position. In the one it is surrounded by "stump" embroidery (Fig. 9), in the same manner as the casket; in the other (Fig. 8) there are eight panels of *petit point* illustrating Genesis from the Creation to the Ejection of Adam and Eve from Eden.

Such is a sample merely of the delightful things that Sir William and Lady Plender have gathered together in this most suitable environment. The exterior is pleasant but without architectural feature, except its porch and doorway (Fig. 1). But there is much garden feature around. The picturesque stables (Fig. 14), lying west of the house group with fern-girt and lily-sprinkled pond, beyond which, between stately trees, the lawn is seen stretching out to the boundary of Chevening Park. Behind the house are other and more secluded pleasures, such as the little water garden illustrated (Fig. 13). Ovenden is a place of original merit which landlord and tenant have lately combined to develop and perfect on right lines and in high degree.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## THE CHEVENING LIBRARY

THE Stanhope owners of Chevening have been book-lovers, not merely adding to the library, but carefully preserving and co-ordinating what was there already. Thus it happens that we get the "Old Library," including some 1600 volumes separately placed and catalogued, representing a typical collection as formed and owned by an English gentleman two centuries ago. The latest

volumes in it, and they are few, belong to the years 1717-21, when General Stanhope became a peer and chief Minister to George I. Most of them were acquired by him while he was a commoner, or by his father before him. We have seen how his father was William III's representative in Madrid, where the general himself spent much time as a boy, and where he made a short stay while holding military commands in Spain. That accounts





for the considerable number of books acquired in that country, some of them having remarkable bindings. Several are covered in crimson leather, richly tooled. On the one side is a shield enclosing a device representing a starry firmament above a bed of earth from which plants are springing. On the other side the shield contains an achievement of arms (Fig. 3A). They are those of Ramiro de Guzman, Duke of Medina de las Torres, and of his second wife, the wealthy Anne Caraffa, Princess of Stigliano, whom he married after the death, in 1626, of his first wife, only child of the favourite Gaspar de Guzman, Duke of Olivarez. The bindings are either Spanish or Italian, and probably date from soon after the time of the Caraffa marriage

Ferdinand the Catholic" came from the Saragossa Press in 1589. But, as regards the sixteenth century, the chief interest is in bindings even more than in editions, for there are rare specimens of the English Grolieresque style. It was in 1512 that Jean Grolier, as Treasurer of the Duchy of Milan, came across Aldus, became his friend and gave support to the great Venetian printer-publisher. Copies of all Aldine Editions were reserved for him and were specially bound. The stamped blind work, which had been common to both Continental and English mediæval bindings, had already been abandoned by Aldus, who introduced tooling and painting, the *motifs* being largely derived from Persian MSS. The combination of black or

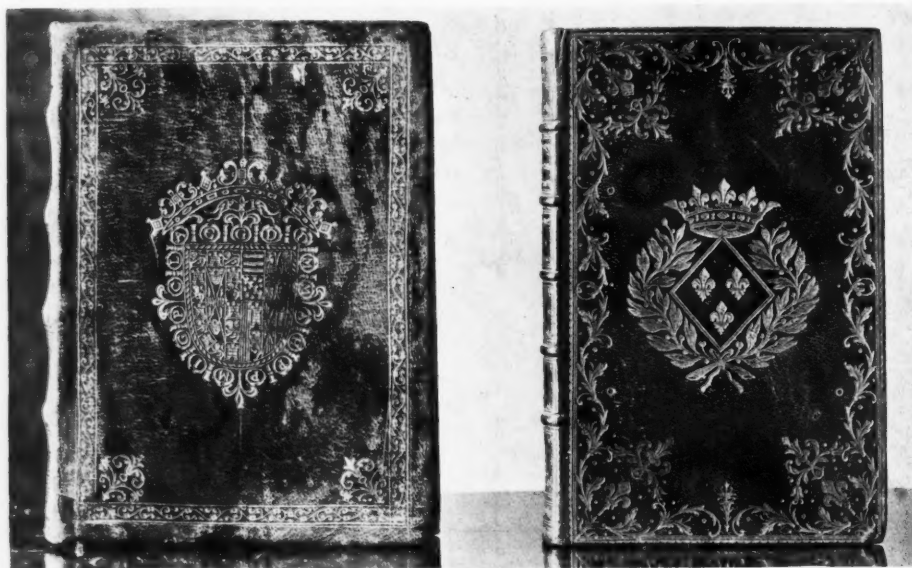
coloured bands of interlaced geometric work with scrolls tooled and gilt appears after the conjunction of Aldus and Grolier, and seems to have been inspired, if not devised, by the latter. He introduced the manner into France and the thousands of volumes that formed his library all showed variants of the Grolier style. Besides the characteristic designs there were also to be found on them sometimes his arms or badges, more often one of his mottoes, especially the words "Io. Grolierii et Amicorum." He became Treasurer of France in 1545 and continued in office till his death in 1556, adding meanwhile to his library and spreading his bibliophile tastes. Thus the son of the English Treasurer of Calais came under his influence, and his style of bindings crossed the Channel. Sir Edward Wotton of Boughton Malherbe in Kent was appointed to the Calais Treasurership by Henry VIII in 1540, and spent much of his time in France until his death in 1551. Thus we hear of his son Thomas taking treasure over to him at Calais in 1547. Although only twenty-six years of age, the young man was already collecting books and having them bound at home in Grolier's manner, for the British Museum possesses a volume with the date 1548 on a binding fully characteristic of Grolier and bearing the imitative label, "Thomæ Wottoni et Amicorum." It covers a copy of the 1548 Lyons Edition of Pliny the Younger's History of the World, but Thomas Wotton also acquired the 1545 Basle Edition and that ultimately passed to the Stanhopes (Fig. 4). It is a folio bound in calf, and besides the interlaced geometric bands has scrolls, dots, arabesque border and busts of Holofernes and Judith impressed with tool and stamp and gilt. In the same year 1545, Bouchet's "Genealogies" was printed at Poitiers, and Wotton obtained a copy and had it bound to match his

Pliny, except that the tooling was silvered, and this has, in time, oxidised and lost its sheen. It belonged to Bernard Quaritch and was lent by him to the Burlington Fine Art Club for their 1891 Exhibition of Bindings. Mr. Quaritch also possessed a Wotton binding which he described as "one of the finest artistic examples of English Grolieresque binding which I have seen," and considered it equally elegant with any of the contemporary productions of Paris, Lyons or Venice. He added that it was "bound in London in 1549 for Thomas Wotton. . . . The arms on the sides (impressed in silver) are those of Corbie and



2.—(A) EUSEBII : OPERA. BASLE, 1549.  
Bound for Thomas Wotton and stamped  
with his arms.

(B) PAULUS AEMYLIUS : DE REBUS GESTIS FRANCORUM.  
In English Grolieresque binding, stamped with the  
date 1552.

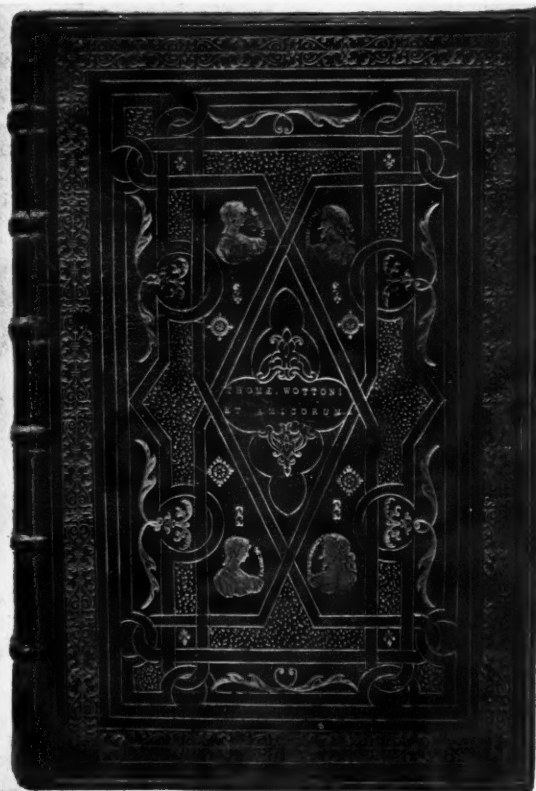


3.—(A) APICIUS, DE RE CULINARIA. BASLE, 1541.  
Bound for the Duke of Medina de las Torres  
about 1630.

(B) POETIQUE FRANCOISE PAR M. MARMONTEL.  
PARIS, 1763.  
Bound for Madame Adelaide de France.

while Medina was Viceroy of Naples. Certainly the arrangement by impalement would, in England, indicate the arms of the Viceroy during the lifetime of the second of his three wives; but in Spain it might be used by their son, who died childless in 1689, the year when Alexander Stanhope went as Minister to Madrid. The books themselves are generally older than the bindings, indeed, the one illustrated covers a copy of "Apicius, de Re Culinaria (cum quibusdam aliis)," printed at Basle in 1541.

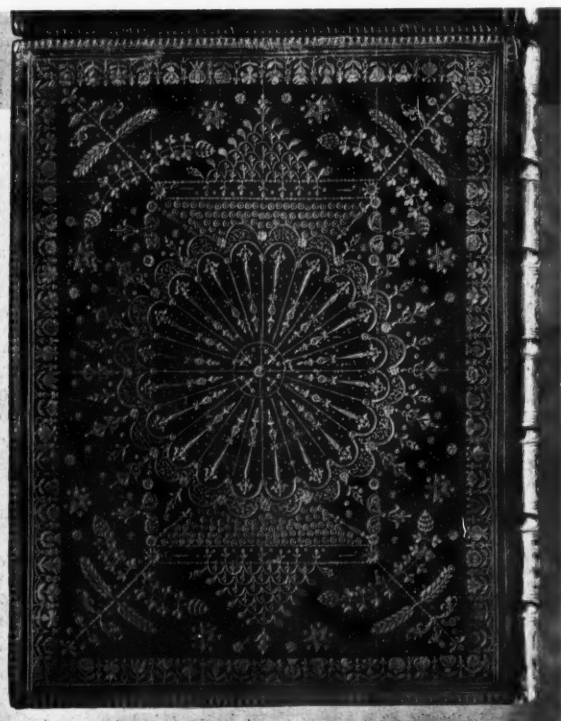
Earliest in date of the "Old Library" books is a copy of the "Liber Vitæ Biblia," printed at Venice in 1501, while the of Spanish section the two folio volumes of Zurita's "History of



4.—PLINY THE YOUNGER'S "HISTORY OF THE WORLD."

Printed by Froben at Basle in 1545, and bound for Thomas Wotton shortly afterwards.

Bamburgh, quarterly, as used by his father and himself." These arms also appear on a Chevening binding (Fig. 2A), similar to, but rather more elaborate, than the one Mr. Quaritch praised so highly. It covers a copy of Eusebius' Works, printed at Basle in 1549, and its refined combination of strapwork interlacements with foliage scrolls places it in the first rank of this rare English output. It contrasts with the severer and more geometrical treatment of a "Paulus Æmylius de rebus



5.—ROBERT SIMSON'S "RESTORATION" OF THE "LOCI PLANI" OF APOLLONIUS OF PERGA. GLASGOW, 1749

In Scotch contemporary binding.

gestis Francorum," with the date 1552 occupying the centre-piece (Fig. 2B). A very similar binding with the same date Mr. Quaritch calls "executed by the same man as worked for Wotton," while a fourth binding in the same style and bearing Wotton's name is among the treasures of the Chevening Library. Thomas Wotton succeeded to Boughton Malherbe on his father's death in 1551, and his Protestantism caused him to live there retired among his books during the Marian régime. But he was Elizabeth's First Sheriff of Kent and entertained her at Boughton in 1573. A student rather than a man of action, he is described as "of great learning, religion and wealth," and authors dedicated their books to him. His eldest son was the first Lord Wotton, but he is less known than his youngest, Sir Henry Wotton, the Ambassador.

The first Earl Stanhope not only brought together books of the past, but, to the end of his life, added the works of contemporaries, especially those to which his purchase and alteration of Chevening gave importance. Such was Campbell's "Vitruvius Britannicus," containing the plan and elevation of Chevening, which was reproduced three weeks ago. Such was Leoni's edition of "Palladio," published in 1715. He also obtained a batch of the latest works on horticulture, such as Carpenter's "Retired Gardener," London and Wise's edition of Quinteney's "Complete Gardener," and Collins' "Paradise Retrieved, or Method of Managing Fruit-Trees," all published

Dear Roy

Thursday.

You'll seldom hear from me, without an admonition to you, to think. All you learn and all you can read, will be of little use to you, if you don't think and reason upon it your self. One reads to know other people's thoughts, but if one takes them upon trust, without examining, and comparing 'em with one's own, it is really living upon other people's scraps, or retelling other people's goods. To know the thoughts of others, is of use, because it suggests thoughts to one's self, and helps one to form a judgement; but to repeat other people's thoughts without considering whether they are right or wrong, is the talent only of a Parrot, or at most a Player.

If, night, were given you as a subject to compose upon; you would do very well to look what the best authors have said upon't, in order to help your own invention; but then you must think of it afterwards your self too, and express it in your own manner, or else you will be at best but a Plagiary. A Plagiary is a man that steals other people's thoughts, and puts 'em off for his own. You would find for example the following account of Night in Virgil.

6.—A SHEET OF ONE OF LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

in 1717 and kept at Chevening, whereas most of his books were at his London house "by the Cockpit." All, however, were housed at Chevening by his son, a most assiduous reader, who trebled their number. Thus, when he is at Geneva and Lord Chatham is at Chevening in the summer of 1769, the latter writes:

The place is in high beauty, and the plenty of the year more than smiles about us: the fields, according to the sacred poet, laugh and sing. To retire from scenes without—the feast of the eye—to the noble feast of the mind within—your Lordship's admirable library, I have the pleasure to tell you that the books appear in perfect preservation, and speak the commendation of the care which has been taken of that valuable charge. Pitt was struck with admiration and some fear at the sight of so much learning; but I have relieved his apprehensions by assuring him that he may be the most learned gentleman in England, except Lord Stanhope, if he will read and remember a tenth of the books he sees here.

It was seen last week that the second Earl Stanhope was a distinguished mathematician, and so when Robert Simson, professor of mathematics at Glasgow, died in 1768, his unpublished works were printed at the earl's expense. Twenty years earlier Simson had completed his "restoration" of the "Loci Plani" of Apollonius of Perga, and this was printed at the Press of his University in 1749. How much Lord Stanhope valued the work may be judged by the



binding of his copy (Fig. 5). It is a superb example of the Scotch craftsmanship of the first half of the eighteenth century, in red morocco very elaborately tooled and gilt. Owing to its elegant floral framing, it is even richer than the otherwise similarly designed binding, in dark blue morocco, of the presentation copy to the Earl of Lauderdale of the "*Disputatio Juridica: Edinburgi*," 1730, which was among the Burlington Fine Arts Club's exhibits in 1891. That these British products can vie with contemporary French bindings is seen by comparing Simson's volume with Mme. Adelaide's copy of Marmontel's "*Poetique Françoise*," published in Paris in 1763 (Fig. 3B). Louis XV's daughters, Adelaide, Victoire and their niece Elizabeth, all had their books bound in the same manner as to arms and enrichment, but in red, green and yellow respectively. Such books would not reach England till after the Revolution, and would scarcely be acquired by the republican earl who owned Chevening from 1786 to 1816. But his son, the fourth earl, was not only a book lover, but was much abroad, and was therefore a likely purchaser of this charming survival of the possessions of the Bourbon princess. He it was who in 1817 collected together his great grandfather's books and catalogued

them in his own handwriting. Kept at first in one of the sitting-rooms, he afterwards transferred them to where they now are in the library wing, which consists of a long corridor (Fig. 1) running down the east or courtyard side of the pavilion, and a set of rooms looking west. The full installation and final expansion of the collection was made by the fifth earl, who drew up and printed a catalogue of the entire library in 1865. That was ten years after he had succeeded to the Stanhope earldom. But he is better known as Lord Mahon, as he published the historical works on which his fame largely rests, during his father's lifetime. Not only printed matter, but important manuscript collections reached Chevening during his time. Such is the Chatham correspondence, which has been quoted in this series of articles, and such are Chesterfield's letters to his son, of which a sheet of one written in 1741 is reproduced (Fig. 6). The Chevening library offers most rare and varied interests to the student and book lover, and its treasures are most admirably housed. The book-lined gallery and rooms produce an even more comfortable and old world feeling than the rest of the house, for the windows retain their ample Georgian sash bars.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON ANGLING.—V.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

JUST one more word about that eternal question of "drag," which, as a dry-fly angler, you will find to be always with you, and then I think we may leave the problems of the cast, presuming you to be as proficient in them as any hints of mine can make you, and after that I hope to discourse to you more at large and in less didactic manner.

This "drag" becomes peculiarly vexatious and difficult to avoid when the fish that you wish to attract is lying in a current travelling less fast than that which intervenes between you and it. In such a situation it is evident that the reel line will at once, on alighting, begin to be carried down more rapidly than the extremity of the gut to which the fly belongs and which is in the less rapid current where the fish lies. The only way, so far as I know, to avoid the fatal "drag" in such a case is to make such a cast as shall pitch the line on the water with its "belly" concavely up-stream. It is not so difficult of execution as it sounds, provided you have no bushes behind to complicate matters, and no unfavouring wind. The wind which is unfavourable for this particular throw is that which we rather prefer in less exacting conditions—that is to say, any kind of up-stream wind. What favours the cast, and makes it easy, is a light down-stream wind.

You will see why this is so: if the wind is up-stream, no matter how cleverly you put the reel line on the water, with its curve up-stream, the wind will almost certainly catch the light cast and chuck it a foot or two up-stream as it comes to the water, thereby defeating all your best laid plans. On the other hand, if the wind is opposing the cast, it tends to throw back the lightest part of the line, relatively to the rest, which is precisely what you want. It almost plays the game for you. To effect the throw in normal conditions it needs that you deliver the forward flick—of course, I am presuming that you are casting horizontally—with rather less energy than usual. It should be energy

sufficient to make the spring of the rod take out the heavy part of the line much as before, but just insufficient to impart to this heavier portion such speed of movement as shall carry out the lightest sections to a straight line beyond itself. That is the mechanism of the cast—again, all a matter of

pace and of timing—I cannot teach you, by written words, these times and paces; the mechanics are all that I can even hint to you. You must work out the rest for yourself by patient practice and by intelligent attention to the performance of your betters.

So there! You are now a finished fly-caster, as far as I can help you to that noble conclusion. There are fantastic casts, such as the "steeple cast," which chucks the line as vertically up as possible behind the back, and is designed to avoid catching in trees behind. I have seen it executed as a *tour de force*, but have never seen it combined with very deft and accurate placing of the fly on the water. And it is the fly on the water with which the trout concerns himself—you cannot remind yourself too often of that obvious,

but much neglected truth. He is no more likely to be caught by one than by another diagram traced by your line cleaving the air. When I come to say a few words to you about salmon fishing—they really will be very few words indeed, and as concerns the actual casting, hardly any, so enormously more fine and subtle a matter is trout fishing than salmon fishing, and so nearly do the lessons of the one hold good for all the circumstances of the other—we will consider the "switch" cast. But those circumstances are not nearly so varied in salmon fishing as in trout fishing. Had these been no more than hints to the commencing salmon fisher that I was starting out to give you, they might have been finished long ago.

I have indicated to you, or have tried to do so, how you should proffer the fly to trout rising in most of the different situations in which you are at all likely to find them. Of course, there are fish which rise in places where it is almost hopeless to invite them to look at the artificial fly. There



CRAWLING UP TO A FISH OUT IN THE RIVER.

are those fish in back-waters where the natural flies become becalmed, out of the stream, and go slowly circling round with a lazy trout occasionally rousing himself sufficiently from his laziness to gulp one of them down. It is rather a hopeless looking place, all the less attractive because of scum, composed of tiny particles of flotsam, which always gathers in such situations. But this scum really gives you a better chance than you would have in its absence, for it evidently obscures things from the sharp eyes of the fish, even as it would from your own, and now and again, almost as much to your astonishment as delight, a trout may, as if in a fit of absence of mind, suck in one of your flies by mistake, and it is then "up to you" to see that he pays the penalty due for his error. And remember this for your comfort, that although on any one day it may be easy to find fish which it is impossible at the moment to delude with an artificial fly, still that is an impossibility which does not repeat itself at every moment and on every day of the year. A place may be impossible of successful fishing on one day and with one type of weather and one direction of wind, but when wind and weather and perhaps the height of the water are all changed, it may become perfectly fishable. Make a note of fish rising, if they look as if worth the catching, in these impossible places; resolve to pay them a visit another day when the conditions favour you more and the fish less. The most deadly weather of all—deadly for the fish, I mean—is that which brings a warm, light rain. It is weather in which flies are likely to be on the water, although some breeds, such as the Iron Blue, seem actually to prefer a blizzard, and the spots of rain evidently confuse the eyesight of the fish very badly. I have known a stretch of the Test where I hardly ever caught a fish, no matter how keenly they were rising, on a fine day, yet on a day of soft rain, such as I speak of, I have caught them there so readily that it ceased to be amusing; it was hardly sport.

The marking down of good fish and making a mental map of the places where such fish lie is a habit that you should practise until it becomes instinctive. It is valuable on every river, but most useful and essential on small streams. If it is a big water, like the middle or lower Test or some portions of the Itchen, which you are fishing, you may indeed walk up along the bank and look out for rising fish. You will do no great harm and cause alarm only to the fish within twenty yards or so. But if you try this perambulating manner up the banks of some of the small streams of the clear water composition, which we find in all that flow from the chalk, it is hardly likely that you will come within casting range of a rising trout, though you perambulate from cock crow to curfew.

What happens in that case is that the fish flee upstream before you, one communicating its terror to the next, until they are going up the river like a flock of sheep up a lane, causing a small tidal wave to undulate before them. The only way, as it seems to me, on these small rivers, is to learn the haunts of the big fish before you begin to angle for them; mark down precisely, by this bit of spear grass or that bunch of king-cup, the spot which you mean to take up when you cast, and quietly crawl to it from well out in the field and well away from the bank. And this that I say in regard to walking along the side of the stream applies yet more emphatically to wading. If you wade up a small river you create a commotion and a scare indescribable. If you have a broad, shallow water, there is no reason why you should not wade so as to be able to cover the whole of it, and if you are fishing the wet fly down-stream, you may wade without causing the same disturbance in the minds of fish which you have still to angle for; but, for the most part, it is wiser to confine your wading, when you are fishing up-stream, to an occasional quiet step into the water and a few steps out and up in order to cast to a particular spot or to a particular fish. That, at least, is the practice that I personally both commend and follow. Nevertheless, although when dry fly fishing I wade thus seldom, I am all for the wearing of waders—waders to the thigh. Thus clad you can splash through the overflow in the water meadows and take no wetting of the feet. You may say that knee-boots would suffice for this protection: and so they would; but remember that you are not to stand up to the full height of your fine manly figure when you cast to the fish. More often than not you are to be kneeling to them in a suppliant pose, and knee boots are no protection for the knee in such a position. The knee is a joint very susceptible of rheumatism, and a most valuable joint which deserves all cherishing. With thigh waders you can kneel in dry comfort. Therefore it is that I both commend and wear them.

I do not propose to write anything at all elaborate for your instruction in respect to the flies that you should use, for several reasons. In the first place, the angling art is long and life is short, and any disquisition on flies, to be at all adequate, would need far more space than the whole of these letters; and, in the second place, long before you have gone the length in your angling career to which I am now supposing you to have progressed, you will have heard as much discussion on this matter of flies as if you were living through the fly plague which pestered ancient Egypt. Probably it matters less than most of us suppose what fashion of fly we present to the fish. Probably what matters more than any of us sufficiently realise is the fashion in which we present it to him. Remember this particularly that it is of the greatest importance to present it to him attractively, that is to say, in likeness to the natural insect, *on the first time of casting*. Remember that, whereas the number of the times of your casting for him mount up arithmetically, the possibilities of your catching him decrease geometrically. I mean, that if you cast for the same fish five times, your chance of catching him at the fifth attempt is not five times, but twenty-five times less than it was at first. I write this, be it noted, of the trout only; a grayling, lying deeper in the water, is far more likely to accept after many invitations than is the trout. Each repetition of the throw deepens the suspicions of the shy trout and determines him in his refusal.

Practically all that I intend to say to you about flies I hope to condense in my next letter, but for the moment I would say one word in the matter of gut. I am not going to advise you as to its stoutness or tenuity. Anglers differ in this matter in their opinions and practice. But this I will say—be your gut stout or thin, see that it be sound; see that it be not old nor frayed nor rotten. One of the most extraordinary instances of inconsistency and lack of reasonable sense of proportion that human nature has to show us, as I think, is afforded by the spectacle of a rich man who has paid many pounds for a salmon fishing, has made long journeys and has engaged boats and gillies and apparatus galore, and goes forth and loses a salmon because he thinks that "this old cast will do." I have seen it happen again and again, both with trout and salmon fishers. I have been guilty, in my degree—but certainly without the added aggravation of possessing riches—of the like folly. Do not, therefore, spare expense in your gut, for that is the worst possible economy; but I tell you where you may spare expense—in your landing net. I see men fishing with elaborate and costly landing nets attached to them, which are intended to shoot out to great lengths to enable them to land a fish. How often is the extra length of use? How many fish do they land with the longer that they could not have landed with a shorter net! And how many extra ounces of weight have they been carrying about them all through the season in order to land this further out fish? I maintain that the extra weight imposed by the steel contraptions incidental to the telescopic handled net makes them not worth while. Get a simple, light, wide-mouthed net, and sling it over one shoulder with a piece of string. Lift the string over your head when the fish is handy for the net, and you are ready for him. It is not a beautiful device, but it has the beauty of simplicity, and it does not get jammed just at the crucial moment, as happens now and again to the more elaborate engines. And finally, I will give you this "tip" of my own devising. Have with you a little net, such as sponges are hung up in to dry, and when you catch a fish of whose weight you are in doubt as to whether it comes up to the limit allowed on the river, put your doubtful specimen in this; then put the hook of your spring balance through a mesh or two of the net, and so weigh him, allowing an ounce, or whatever is right, for the net's own weight. Thus you estimate him without doing him injury and can return him unhurt to the river if he does not "go the weight." The ordinary way, of hooking the hook of the balance into the fish's jaw is hateful. "They" say it does not hurt him. How do "they" know?

Lastly (there is always a lastly after "finally," which is why so many fish are caught with the "last throw" of the day), call over in your mind a roll call of the things needful for the day's fishing before starting in the morning, and see that you have all with you, and also call it over again before sending back the car that has brought you to the river. "I've only known one really good day for salmon on the Wye," said an old friend of mine, who had fished that great river all his life, "and that was the day when I remembered, just as the car went out of sight round the corner of the Bulth road, that I'd left my reel in it."



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# QUENBY

**L**ADY HENRY GROSVENOR'S famous house in Leicestershire, Quenby, is in the market, with the whole 2,000 acres of the estate, or less if a purchaser prefers a smaller area. Quenby, about seven miles from Leicester, is a stately Tudor pile of brickwork faced with stone, and stands on a vast walled platform or foundation, four square, except where rounded off at the entrance into the segment of a circle. It is said that as much money was spent on the foundations as would have sufficed for the erection of the entire building. The probable date of the building of Quenby is clearly much earlier than the year 1636 which is sometimes suggested. The estate is mentioned in legal deeds as early as 1247. The Ashby, or Ashbowe, family were its early owners, and John Evelyn visited George Ashby, who sat in Parliament for Leicester in 1695. It is an example to which the term "restoration" may be applied as a term of praise rather than opprobrium. Quenby has been the subject of illustrated articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vols. XVI, 342; and XXX, 550 and 590).

### THE DENHAM PLACE FURNITURE.

**ON** Monday next and two following days the contents of Colonel Way's fine mansion, Denham Place, Uxbridge, will be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Buckland and Sons. In a catalogue of over eight hundred items there are so many of the first quality in point of rarity and beauty that the task of selecting one or two is not an easy one. The writer has been aided in his work by one who is among the keenest and best judges of the work of our old craftsmen. Probably, if he had had to decide, the frontispiece of the illustrated catalogue would have been, not lots 7 and 8, a pair of Adam carved and gilt console tables, with console mirror above, but lots 9 and 10. The former is a magnificent Queen Anne pier glass in gilt bead frame, Vauxhall plates with open border, and carved pediment with female mask and plumes. The latter is a pier glass with shaped arched top, carved and gilt bead frame, with early eighteenth century embossed coat of arms, in black and gilt, of the Page family.

Abigail Gurdon, second wife of Baron Hill, executed the needlework on a Jacobean suite of chairs (lot 96) in 1650. Other exceptionally valuable specimens are three Chippendale settees, with serpentine-shaped back and scroll arms. There is also a William and Mary suite (lot 97) of inlaid walnut upholstered in figured tapestry and crewel work.

### PROPERTIES IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

**THE** Northumberland residential, agricultural and sporting estates of Fowberry Tower and Hetton House were offered for sale by auction at Newcastle-on-Tyne by direction of Mrs. J. D. Leather-Culley, the auctioneers being Messrs. Castiglione and Scott (London and Edinburgh). Hetton House Farm went to the tenant for £11,750; Fowberry Tower and Heathery Hall Farm to Mr. A. W. Milburn for £29,000; and a smithy house to the tenant for £300, timber being extra throughout. Newhall Farm was withdrawn at £2,300, and Fowberry Main Farm at £8,800. A total of 583 acres was disposed of for £41,050.

Northbrooke, Ashford, which Mr. Alfred J. Burrows (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley) is to sell this season, was built by the late Mr. Henry Iggesden, owner of a local paper. Saltcote Place, Rye, has come into the hands of the same firm by instructions from Captain Richard Hennessy. The house, close to the famous golf links, is magnificently placed, commanding fine land and sea views. Vacant possession of both houses is offered.

The Linkenholt and Hatherden estates, on the Berks and Wilts borders of Hants, 2,200 acres, are to be offered during the summer by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The manor house, the village, and greater portion of the parish of Linkenholt and Hatherden House are included.

### LORD NORTHBROOK'S HANTS LAND.

**ABOUT** 4,000 acres of the outlying portions of Lord Northbrook's Stratton estate, Micheldever, including the village, several

large farms, and a considerable area of woodlands, will be offered for sale shortly by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They are to sell the remaining portions of the late Mr. Stanley Harris's property at Newport Pagnell, about 360 acres.

### ACHALADER AND GLASCLUNE.

**THE** firm is also, on June 2nd at Edinburgh, to offer the Achalader estate, Perthshire. It has an area of 3,912 acres, of which 2,800 acres are pasture and grouse moor, 100 acres woodland, and over 1,000 acres arable and grass. The house is a comparatively modern structure, occupying a fine site, overlooking Loch Marlee and the distant Sidlaw Hills.

The whole district is rich in historical associations, for this part of Perthshire was the scene of some of the severest struggles between the natives and the Romans. More recent and definite historical lore attaches to the old castle of Glasclune. The ruins stand high above the deep ravine which marks the boundary between the parishes of Blairgowrie and Kinloch. It was the stronghold of the Herons of Glasclune a family of influence in the reigns of Queen Mary and James VI.

Chalmers of Drumloch, whose castle of Drumloch, now entirely demolished, stood on the opposite side, was concerned in the notorious murder of Drummond of Newtown Castle in the year 1554, for which he was outlawed, while Heron of Glasclune became security for one of the murderers, on whose outlawry he had to pay the penalty of suretyship. The estate of Glasclune subsequently came into the hands of the local family of Blair, from whom it was acquired by the family of the present proprietor, Brigadier-General J. C. L. Campbell, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Drumloch was acquired on the attainder of James Ramsay of Drumloch and the forfeiture of his estates after the rebellion of 1715.

### GODMERSHAM PARK.

**ON** the cover of the illustrated particulars of Godmersham Park is a reproduction of the Ordnance Survey of the county, from Gravesend and Tunbridge Wells on the west to Littlestone-on-Sea and the Isle of Sheppey, showing all the coast of East Kent. It is well worth giving, for it proves that Godmersham Park is absolutely the most central estate in East Kent. On behalf of Lord Masham Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will submit the estate, first as a whole, and, if not so sold, then in about 50 lots. It is intended, if the estate is cut up into lots, to offer the mansion and contiguous properties, having an area of 1,700 acres, separately. The house is deservedly famous for its Georgian architecture. It is built of fine red brick with freestone dressings and a slated roof. The interior decorations are unsurpassed of their kind. The farms have good and, in some instances, historic houses.

The total area of Godmersham is 5,820 acres, of which the deer park is approximately one-tenth. The auction is to be at Ashford on May 18th.

### A FAMOUS ISLE OF WIGHT HOUSE.

**CAPTAIN PENNETHORNE** has purchased Shide Hill House and has gone into residence. The late Professor John Milne, F.R.S., the seismologist, lived there for over twenty years. Upon his death Mrs. Milne decided to return to Japan, and the property, near Newport, accordingly came into the market. For a while there was some concern among those who appreciate the value of such a seismological observatory, as to its future. All uneasiness on that score was, however, obviated by the transference of the station to Oxford University.

### CANON LORD SHERBORNE'S HOME.

**MOSBOROUGH**, the Cheltenham residence of the late Canon Lord Sherborne, has been sold to Colonel E. E. Bennett, through Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., for £1,700.

Hollycot, Binfield, Bracknell, has been privately sold, with the contents, in advance of the date arranged for the auction, by Messrs. Wise and Bowerman. Another residence to change hands during the last few days is the freehold at Walton-on-Thames, known as

Hurley, Hersham Road, sold for £2,500, through Messrs. Waring and Co.

### ST. LEONARD'S HILL, WINDSOR.

**JUNE** 22nd has been appointed by the trustees of the late Sir Francis Tress Barry for the sale, by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, of that noble mansion in superb surroundings, St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor. It adjoins Windsor Great Park, and has itself a splendidly timbered park.

Another auction in June will be that of Inkpen, 911 acres between Newbury and Hungerford. Messrs. Wilson and Co., with Messrs. J. and R. Kemp and Co., are jointly concerned in the sale.

Messrs. G. H. Bayley and Sons (Cheltenham) have sold The Grondra, Chalford, near Stroud, a detached Georgian house with extensive grounds.

Earlywood, Windlesham, with 70 acres, close to Camberley Heath Links and Sunningdale, awaits offers through Messrs. Winkworth and Co., on May 17th. The property adjoins Swinley Forest Golf Links.

### TWO EAST ANGLIAN AUCTIONS.

**THE** Brome and Oakley estates are coming under the hammer of Messrs. Castiglione and Scott this month. The mansion and 41 lots of farms, will be submitted at Ipswich on May 18th, and other properties at the Town Hall, Eye, on the following day.

### GRAFTON AND QUORN HOUSES.

**DUNCOTE HALL**, Towcester, is a modern residence, built of stone, little more than a mile from Towcester, and five miles from Blisworth. There is an old and very picturesque house on the estate, and the land, over 300 acres, is among the most fertile in the Midlands. The property will be dealt with as a whole or in lots, at Northampton on June 9th by Messrs. Nicholas.

Among the dates definitely fixed by Messrs. Hampton and Sons for the submission of residential properties may be mentioned Friday, May 21st, when the Wadhurst property, South Park, 101 acres, a freehold 600ft. above sea level, will be sold.

Burton Hall, in the centre of the Quorn, near Loughborough, with gardens noted for their clipped yew hedges, encircling the old mansion, will be sold at Loughborough on May 27th.

### EAST KENT COAL BORINGS.

**MESSRS. WORSFOLD AND HAYWARD** (Dover) are acting in conjunction with the Cockspur Street firm in the sale of a property of 860 acres in the coal-bearing area of the county. In all probability all parts of East Kent have coal, and possibly iron, underlying them. In this case "the valuable minerals have been proved by a boring on the property." Apparently the minerals are not reserved.

### WEST END OFFICES FOR CITY FIRMS.

**THE** advantage of having a West End office is recognised by one firm after another, and the latest firm to announce the opening of a branch in the Piccadilly district is Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., who have acquired No. 26, Dover Street, Piccadilly.

### BOURNEMOUTH AND SWANAGE FREEHOLDS.

**MESSRS. FOX AND SONS** (Bournemouth) have sold the following properties: Glengary, St. Michael's Road, Bournemouth, a freehold residence with sea views, let at £175 per annum; Grantown, Wellington Road, Bournemouth, a leasehold residence, rental value, £110; No. 4, Porchester Road, Bournemouth, a leasehold residence, rental value £100; Marrington, Balcombe Road, Branksome Park, a very fine residential property, subject to a fee farm rent of £18 per annum; Branksome Firs, Princess Road, a leasehold; Kits Croft, Kinson, near Wimborne, with 2½ acres of land, and Saxmundham House, Swanage, an artistic freehold marine residence. The purchase monies amounted to £29,000.

The Shameen, a freehold country property at West Mersea, ten miles from Colchester, with garage, and five acres, has been sold privately by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker.

ARBITER.

# FROM "NORROWAY O'ER THE FAEM"

AN English translation of Knut Hamson's masterpiece, *Growth of the Soil*, has now been published by the old Danish firm Gyldendal, whose headquarters are at Christiania, but this comes from the newly established office in London. The opening carries one back to the state of things when Adam delved and Eve span, only the outside of Eden could not possibly have been as difficult to master as the Norwegian forest in which the laborious peasant is discovered wandering. He is searching the moors for a fertile spot on which to settle, for, to him, the moor is a No Man's Land just as much as it was to his primeval ancestor. Into the wilderness he carries no possession except the hope and belief that he will produce something out of it. The chosen spot was lonely, affording no shelter except a bed of stacked pine beneath an overhanging rock. All around the ground is covered with heather, bilberry and cloudberry, tiny ferns and great pointed stars. But he has made sure that there is a good mould of peaty soil manured with the rotting wood and falling leaves of a thousand years.

Such a beginning might cause the reader to expect an idyll or story of Arcadia, but he will not proceed far without understanding that he has picked up a writer saturated with the ideas of his own generation. In a crowded world continued exile is impossible. Interesting as is the account of the incessant toil with which this typical peasant of all time carries on his long wrestle with Mother Earth until he forces her to produce food and clothing, it is not comparable with the drama which speedily begins to be enacted in the wilderness. As in Eden so on the Norwegian moor. The male has no sooner settled than he feels the need of a helpmate. Money, the first necessity under modern conditions, he obtains by stripping birch bark for sale as building material. Then he has to carry back sacks of food and implements, flour and pork, a cooking-pot, a spade, and he very soon becomes the owner of livestock in the shape of three goats. It is this possession which brings home the need of a woman, and he enquires of the wandering, begging Lapps, who are the only people coming his way, if they know of anyone likely to join in his adventure. But the temptation does not appeal to the young, who are looking for pleasure, or to the old and feeble, who want to escape work. Eventually, however, a woman does make her appearance in the neighbourhood of the one-roomed turf hut which he has built for himself. She is "a big, brown-eyed girl, full-built and coarse, with good, heavy hands, and rough hide brogues on her feet as if she had been a Lapp, and a calfskin bag slung from her shoulders."

Any beauty that she might otherwise have had was marred by a hare-lip which, in addition to being a disfigurement, spoiled her articulation. For this defect Isak might well be grateful because if she had not possessed it she would have avoided him as the others did. She was, however, no unfitting mate for the iron-bearded, rugged and surly man. So the old story was begun, and it was evolved in a way common since the advent of time. For a while she was all that could be desired, but even the wife of the poor cotter is not exempt from being the object of envy and jealousy. Another and older woman comes on the scene who, apparently out of the malice and bitterness of her heart without any other reason, hurts and insults the disfigured woman by sending a hare to her just before she is going to have a baby. It was touching her sorest place, and the agony was accentuated when a child came into the world with its mother's defect. Medical science rejects the old superstition that made the woman connect the insult with what she conceived to be the worst misfortune that could befall her child, and, to make a long story short, she strangled the baby. The crime might have gone unpunished but for the machinations of her rival, in consequence of which she was tried and sentenced. The phrase gives no idea of the fatherly and kindly way in which the judges and the lawyers dealt with her. They took every extenuation into account and let her off with eight years' imprisonment. To the English reader eight years of imprisonment would seem to be a heavy punishment, but at Trondhjem it meant eight years of education, the court being more anxious to restore her to good citizenship than to make the punishment suit the crime. Greater leniency was extended to her because another baby had been on its way and was born in prison.

When she came back to her faithful shepherd it was to feel the refinement of the prison in comparison with the roughness of the cottage. She had learned to use a sewing machine, among many other thrifty arts. She had learned to read and write and, most wonderful of all, to speak. The hare-lip had been dealt with by a surgeon and was now represented only by a little and not unbecoming scar. So that, comparatively speaking,

it was a refined lady who returned to her "barge of a husband," as the author calls him. But with new manners and new ideas her frailties had become accentuated. In this novel wherever civilisation touches the primitive life of husbandry bad results follow. The woman falls more than once into offences for which many a husband would have thought death or eternal estrangement no unsuitable penalty. But the peasant has a greatness that carries him above and beyond all this. He feels, but he forgives. Knut Hamson's aim is to use the frailty of the woman as part of the machinery designed to show the real greatness of mind in the strong, imperturbable, labouring peasant whom he regards as doing the most honourable work allotted to man.

Another agency is utilised to the same end. On the farm a copper mine is discovered, and the cultivator of the soil is brought closely into touch with the civilisation connected with such things. At least, many people would call it civilisation, but it meant the arrival in the country of the usual speculative sons of Mammon who batten on developments of this kind, and of the usual gangs of labour. Arcady for the time being is turned into pandemonium. The simple peasant is hailed as landowner or Margrave, though perhaps that title is used with a touch of mockery by the cynical Get-rich-quicklies.

It is the sort of intrusion that does no real good to a rural district, as the company we have briefly epitomised bring with them the tastes and vices for which they are notorious. But as clouds pass over the moorland landscape and leave it unchanged, so the peasant's strong character is untouched even by this sinister and tempting influence. As not infrequently happens in real life, the enterprise ends in failure, and the miners, with their noise and hubbub, pass away, leaving Isak in the position which he occupied before their advent. The last picture of him given by the author is as follows:

Isak at his sowing; a stump of a man, a barge of a man to look at, nothing more. Clad in homespun—wool from his own sheep, boots from the hide of his own cows and calves. Sowing—and he walks religiously bareheaded to that work; his head is bald just at the very top, but all the rest of him shamefully hairy; a fan, a wheel of hair and beard, stands out from his face. 'Tis Isak, the Margrave.

So ignorant that he did not know the days of the month, so free from entanglement that he had no bills to meet on a certain day, so narrow in his influence that the only marks on his almanac were to show when each cow should bear. But he knew St. Olaf's Day in the autumn, for by then his hay must be in: Candlemas in spring, because three weeks after it the bears emerge from their winter quarters, and all seed should be sown by then. In a word, he knew what was needful. The author gives a companion picture of the woman, purged of all her sins:

The Margravine, Inger herself, is not with them; she is indoors preparing the meal. Tall and stately, as she moves about her house, a Vestal tending the fire of a kitchen stove. Inger has made her stormy voyage, 'tis true, has lived in a city a while, but now she is home; the world is wide, swarming with tiny specks—Inger is one of them. All but nothing in all humanity, only one speck.

The book is a great one, bringing into the fevered atmosphere of our industrial time a health-giving breeze from the open moorland.

**Running Wild**, by Bertram Smith. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton and Kent. 6s.)

SINCE the publication of "Days of Discovery," which made many friends for its writer, Bertram Smith has died. This second book of childhood's memoirs is one which, as his last word to the world, many a more widely read author might envy him. To read it is to pass back over the years, many or few, which divide one from childhood and to stand again in that world where causes do not always have effects, or effects, causes, and everything is to hope and to discover and where, though griefs and despairs are terrible, plans and adventures have a glory which the really grown-up person, the shades of the prison-house darkening his sight, will never know and probably seldom remember unless some such book as *Running Wild* recalls it for him. One would be justified in commending Bertram Smith's knowledge of child psychology or his analysis of human nature in the bud, but such praise would be an affront to the delicate and natural charm of his writing. It seems more fitting to say that he was one of the rare people who do not only remember what they *did* as children, but why they did it and how they felt about it. He is almost entirely without the unconscious patronage of the grown-up person towards the child he once was. There are some eighteen chapters in the book, their names will tell anyone who has read "Days of Discovery" what to hope for—"War on Nettles," "On being in Bed," "Stilts," "Callers and Conscrition," "Collections," "On Getting Tired of It"—and their expectation will not be disappointed. Another chapter, "The Little House I found," has the wistfulness of Mrs. Browning's lines, "but the first of all my losses was the losing of the bower." This is a book which for many years to come will be found among the treasures of discriminating readers, for of Bertram Smith it may be said with truth, "the poet hath the child's soul in his breast and sees all new."



# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE IMPORTANCE OF HUNTER AND LIGHT HORSE BREEDING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Through the medium of your valuable columns I wish to draw attention to the very unsatisfactory condition of light horse breeding in this country at the present time, which I feel is not fully realised by hunting men and users of light horses. The War Office and the Ministry of Agriculture have repeatedly acknowledged that the breeding of light horses is a national necessity, but they have been unable to increase the money grant to an amount adequate for the purpose. If a supply of suitable horses is to be available in case of national emergency it will have to be created by private enterprise. To encourage owners of mares and fillies to retain their good animals and to breed from them, funds must be found to provide substantial premiums for brood mares and young stock at shows throughout the country. This can only be done if the membership of the society is materially increased. I am not without hope that in spite of the difficulties and uncertainties now prevailing the Government may be induced to realise that concessions to exhibitors in the matter of railway rates, the payment of remunerative prices for remounts and a substantial sum given as premiums for brood mares and fillies at local shows throughout the country will prove in the end to be money well expended. Meantime the Hunters' Improvement Society is driven to rely on its own resources, and as President I urgently appeal to all who enjoy the privileges of hunting to assist in our work by becoming members of the Society.—T. WICKHAM-BOYNTON.

## FARMER AND LABOURER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—“A. H. F.'s” letter is interesting, but I am not sure that it hits the nail on the head. Surely labourers are much like other men inasmuch as they do their best work when conditions are most congenial. All the village halls, cinemas, dances and social clubs in the world will not make a man a good worker if he is not a contented one. And no man can be heart and soul in his work—which is the

principal ingredient in the recipe for contentment—if he is not encouraged to respect his own ability, the work he has to do, his employer, and if he does not also know that his employer, too, respects him and his work. Drum it into a man that any ass could do his work, that there is not a halfpennyworth of skill or thought required, and that man will speedily lose all incentive. And is there not a flavour of that in the attitude towards the agricultural labourer? The labourer does not want patronage, but respect. Infuse into a man a spirit of competition and keenness born of a knowledge of his own skill, and of the knowledge that good work will be frankly acknowledged, and he will tackle his work in a different spirit, though doubtless there are a few sinners in this industry as in others. No labourer could be expected to respect a farmer so hard that he grudged the time spent in fetching a doctor, or so mean that he pockets half a labourer's tips. If an employer sees to it that a man is given a good wage, a good cottage, and creates a congenial atmosphere, surely his obligations end there. The trouble is too deeply a psychological one to be put right by such artificial means as creating pastimes for the men. Their suspicious attitude is only to be overcome by a frank and straightforward policy on the part of the farmer and a genuine sympathy with the labourer's endeavour to raise his standard of living.—M. MACGREGOR.

## A DORSET VILLAGE MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending with this letter a photograph of the beautiful wayside memorial cross that has been erected in the village of Iwerne in Dorsetshire. You will see that it falls into place very naturally beside the typical cottage and hedge garden characteristic of the village, which is one of the prettiest in the country. It owes its existence largely to the energy and persistence of Mr. James H. Ismay, who, during the War, was indefatigable in attending to the welfare of his inhabitants on the estate and in the village. The memorial stands at the junction of three roads and is erected to the memory of the men and women of Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron who lost their lives in the War. Carried out in Doulting

stone, it consists of a tall shaft standing upon a wide-spreading hexagonal base of steps and a seat. The socket stone has three main faces, into which are let tablets of Hopton stone marble on which are cut the names of the fallen with rank, date, place of death and other particulars. The tablets are surrounded with a border of carving. The top of the shaft is treated somewhat in the manner of the ancient example at Stalbridge, and consists of richly carved tabernacle work. On the base immediately below the tablets is the inscription, “Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by.” The cross was dedicated by the Bishop of Salisbury in a service that opened with a solemn recital of the twenty-one names of the fallen.—DORSET.

## WOODPIGEONS IN THE TEMPLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying recently taken photograph is a charming picture of a woodpigeon on her nest in one of the plane trees in the garden of the Master's House. It is from an upper staircase in Tanfield Court, and shows the windows of the church in the background. It was taken



A WOODPIGEON ON HER NEST IN A TEMPLE PLANE TREE.

early one morning with the sun fortunately giving a good light on the nest itself, and it was a matter of luck that none of the budding leaves happened to obscure the view of the bird. Thomas Bewick tells us that the cock and hen birds take turns in “the office of incubation” and the happy pair seem, as far as nesting goes, to have the garden as their own special domain, though quite a number of ordinary pigeons come down during the day in search of food or grit. The nest is in an elbow formed by one of the branches not more than three or four inches in thickness, and it looks as if it might prove insecure if the tree were in a less sheltered place and exposed to any strong wind. The enemies most to be feared will be cats, when the eggs are hatched; and some of the Temple cats are a hungry-looking race. *Absit omen!* And may these truly charming Templars find their confidence not misplaced.—W. H. DRAPER.

## THE EARLY BLOOMING OF THE HAWTHORN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to your note as to the first appearance of hawthorn in flower this year I am writing to say that I saw a large bush in blossom on April 14th. The flowers looked as though they might have been out some days. This is the earliest record I have in over thirty years of flower hunting. The next to it is in 1893, when my diary records two or three sprays of May in flower on April 16th. That year and this have given the highest field-flower totals in my record, the numbers being 150 in 1893, 151 in 1920. But whereas the countryside twenty-seven years ago was suffering from lack of rain (in 1893 there was hardly any rainfall from March to July), the freshness of the foliage and the luxuriance of vegetation is the feature that impresses one at the present time.—WM. GRAVESON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with interest your Country Note last week on the hawthorn in April. According to Blomefield's “Naturalist's Calendar,” ordinary hawthorn flowers, on an average of seventeen years in Cambridgeshire, on May 7th. The earliest date recorded by him is April 19th. I found it here in flower (in Gloucestershire) on April 23rd, which may be said to be early but not passionately early. Blomefield gives May 20th as the latest date in seventeen years of observation.—F.



MEMORIAL CROSS AT IWERNE.

## ALBINISM IN BLACKBIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to "C's" remark that albinism is unknown among hen blackbirds, it may interest him to know that I knew one for some years which had a white collar and many white feathers on head and wings somewhat unequally divided. We thought it a very handsome bird, but it had great difficulty in finding a mate. Some of its (presumed) progeny were marked with white, but not to anything like the same extent.—B.

## A CAT THAT SAVED A RAT WEEK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture of a black cat patiently watching a wheat rick in a Sussex farmyard. The rick has stood unthreshed since last autumn, and has been kept nearly free from rats by this valuable animal, which is about fifteen months old. In the preceding



"THIS IS THE CAT THAT KILLED THE RAT."

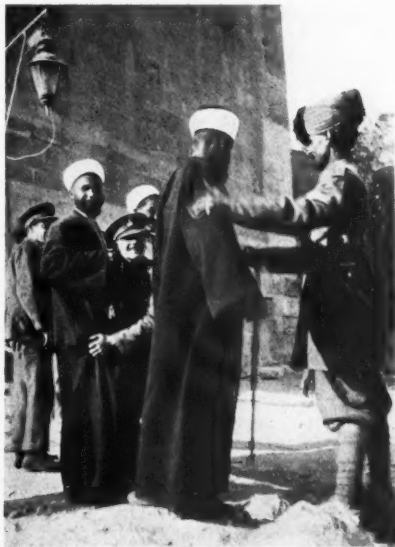
year, a similar wheat stack on the same site was badly infested, and some eighty rats were trapped during the winter and spring. Both trapping and the adoption of a "rat week" have been unnecessary this season. Perhaps it should be added that the cat was reared, and made to remain, in the farm buildings, and not allowed to enter the house.—JESSE PACKHAM.

## HOLY WEEK DISTURBANCES IN JERUSALEM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph shows one of the many incidents that took place in Jerusalem during Holy Week, when the Arabs and Jews came into conflict. Easter in the Holy City, under even Turkish régime, was always an anxious time on account of the assembly of so many races of varying creeds. This Easter it was doubly so, in view of the existing enmity between the Arabs and the Jews over the Zionist question. Since the Armistice hundreds of Jews have flocked into Palestine, and Zionist quarters were opened in Jerusalem, with the result that the more extremist among the

Arabs took alarm, fearing that the country would pass under Jewish domination. Hence the knowledge that many Jews from the surrounding settlements were coming to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover during Easter week



BRITISH AND INDIAN SOLDIERS SEARCH THREE SMILING MOSLEM SHEIKHS.

as well as thousands of Moslems to take part in the Neby Mousa feast, naturally made the authorities anxious. Good Friday and Saturday passed off without incident, but early on Easter Sunday Arabs and Jews came into conflict at the Jaffa Gate and rioting broke out. It spread rapidly into the old city and to a small extent to the outlying parts of the town in spite of the precautions which had been taken. At once the situation was seriously taken in hand. All the gates leading into the city were blocked with troops with machine guns. The new city was also patrolled with mounted machine guns and many squads of soldiers. Fights between Arabs and Jews continued on the Monday and Tuesday, more particularly in the narrow, winding lanes of the old city so familiar to tourists, the constant patrolling of which proved a little baffling to the troops. Everyone, despite nationality or creed, was searched on entering and leaving the city for hidden arms, and quite an array of miscellaneous weapons was thus secured. It was a novel spectacle to watch a British Tommy or an Indian soldier stop and search a dignified sheikh or a Greek priest. It was, as will be seen from the photograph, a good-tempered proceeding on both sides.—H. J. S.



## A CORKSCREW TOWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the corkscrew tower at Samarra. It is the minaret of a great mosque—commonly called the "Temple of the Sun," built in the ninth century at Aski-Baghdad. The tower is 160ft. high and was used as a look-out and signal station by our troops after the capture of Samarra in 1917. The style descends from the ancient Chaldean and Babylonian temples, which, however, were quadrangular, not oval, in plan. Pictures of the Tower of Babel, with diagonal stairways leading from stage to stage, may be compared with this. From that, it is said, was developed the Persian Fire Tower; and from the Fire Tower, this structure. The outer hand-rail has long since broken away, but the ascent is safely made. This mosque and a few other pieces of brickwork are all that remain, save



THE MINARET OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

mounds of earth, of the great city of Aski-Baghdad, which once stretched along the Tigris banks for seven miles.—F. KINGDON WARD.

## A JOLLY DOG IN RUSSIA

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here are two pleasant pictures of a young Russian dog which I met at Archangel last summer. He was a jolly little dog and quite undepressed, as you may see, by any thought of Bolsheviks.—H. P. B.



BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.



## NATURE NOTES

## THE TERN AND THE SCOTTISH FISHERIES COMMITTEE

THE recent condemnation of the terns, among other wild birds, by the Scottish Freshwater Fisheries Committee is fully in agreement with similar edicts made by some sportsmen and landowners with reference to the kestrel, raven, little owl and many other species. Well may Mr. Robinson enquire in last week's COUNTRY LIFE "on what authority did the Committee come to such a conclusion?" Personally I question if they had any reliable evidence relative to the food and feeding habits of these birds that would be accepted by any scientific or independent judges.

The Committee state (page 4) that "after further investigation" they are satisfied that—here follows a list of the birds—"are all without any doubt most destructive to young fish and the larvæ and flies on which they feed." I should like to ask, and I am quite sure that a large section of the general public would be interested in learning, what further investigations have been made, what was the nature of these, and by whom and where were they carried out. I would further remind the Committee that the gravest doubts exist as to the birds they mention damaging the young of freshwater fish; and the statement that they feed on the larvæ and flies on which the young fish feed is contrary to all known facts.

To include the beautiful sea-swallows in their sweeping condemnation is perhaps the worst of all, for apart from their extraordinary loveliness, most of the species are none too plentiful, and even the common tern has seriously decreased in numbers in many parts of the country owing to the fashion of ladies wearing its wings in their hats.

Mr. Robinson as a field naturalist of long experience and practice states that he has never found any trace of the young of any freshwater fish among their food, and an examination of the stomach contents of large numbers of these birds from all parts of Scotland fully confirms his statement.

Very briefly let us summarise the food items of the common tern so far as our investigations go from specimens obtained on the East and West Coasts of Scotland, and practically during each month of the year. The total bulk of food consumed by this bird per year is entirely of an animal nature, and 65 per cent. of this consists of fish of various kinds; crustacea and marine worms are present to the extent of 18.5 per cent., molluscs 12 per cent., and miscellaneous animal matter 4.5 per cent.

Of the fish content 35 per cent. consists of sand eels, 6 per cent. of whiting, 6.5 per cent. of herring, 5.5 per cent. of haddock, 4 per cent. of lumpsuckers, 2 per cent. each of gobies, gurnard and gunnel, and 2 per cent. unidentifiable. In none of the terns that I have examined have I ever found any remains of freshwater fishes, and I have never met with flies and their larvæ.

For the Sandwich tern the figures are very similar, excepting that there are more whiting and 2 per cent. of young cod.

The sea is as full of fish as ever. As Professor Huxley remarked in 1883, our fisheries are inexhaustible, "the multitude," he states, "is so inconceivably great that the number we catch is relatively insignificant . . . the destruction effected by the fisherman cannot sensibly increase the death-rate . . . nothing we do seriously affects the number of the fish." Professor W. A. Herdman states: "The total produce of our sea-fisheries has more than doubled in the last quarter of a century, and the average of the last few years before the War amounted to over a million tons." Finally, Professor McIntosh has assured us that "the day will soon come, if it has not already done so, when such crude notions as to the impoverishment of the sea-fisheries will utterly lapse."

Bearing in mind these views and taking into consideration the actual species of fish upon which the terns feed, some of which are not used by man as food, it seems inconceivable that any committee could write the words quoted above from their Report, and the conclusion is forced upon one that they have pronounced a verdict not in accordance with the facts.

In my opinion the terns are deserving of the strictest protection, both the birds and their eggs, and it is to be hoped that this ill-timed Report of the above-mentioned Committee will incite all lovers of birds to exert themselves to see that there is no relaxation of the present Orders and Regulations affecting them.

WALTER E. COLLINGE.

## MIGRATORY MOVEMENTS OF WHALES.

Early in May the vanguard of the various species of whales which frequent British waters makes its appearance about eighty miles to the south-west of the Buneveader whaling station in the Hebridean island of Harris. These whales increase in numbers and approach the coast of the Hebrides to within thirty or forty miles, going north. They consist mainly of blue whales and common rorquals with a few humpbacked whales and Rudolph's rorquals, and an occasional school of sperm whales. From this point the blue whales go directly north towards the Faroë Islands, and then on to Iceland, passing the Shetlands at some considerable distance. The body of

humpbacks, common rorquals, together with, in some seasons a considerable number of Rudolph's rorquals, and a few lesser rorquals, take a more north-east course, and in June and July, when they pass through the hosts of their main food supply, the krill, off Ronan's Voe in Shetland, swim very slowly, hardly covering more than a hundred miles of sea between the months of June and September. In September the majority of these whales disappear, most of them taking a south-west course to their winter quarters, although there is little doubt but that a fair number winter in the North Sea and off our north-west coast. During the spring migration the whales travel very slowly, but in the autumn they travel very quickly, as if making for some far distant sea.

## FLOCKING OF ADULT GOLDENEYE DRAKES IN SPRING.

The adult goldeneye drake is usually seen singly in this country, in winter, or in company with two ducks, or very probably an adult duck and an immature drake. In Orkney I have several times seen small mixed packs of from ten to twenty on the larger lochs, during the month of February, or I should say apparently mixed packs, for all the supposed females shut out of such packs have proved on handling to be immature males. One year, early in March, I beheld a sight which I venture to think is unique, when I put up at the top end of one of the arms of a large loch, a pack of over a couple of hundred goldeneye, every bird of which was a fully adult drake. They were naturally extremely wild, and presented a magnificent sight as they wheeled and came down wind like feathered bullets. Immature males are very often confused with adult females, although the former are larger and the beak is longer and thicker; moreover, that of the female is crossed by an orange band, which is absent in the young male. This orange band shows up well in life, but very soon fades after death, and in museum specimens has vanished altogether.

H. W. ROBINSON.

## SOME RARE SOMALI MAMMALS.

The total rout and destruction of the Mullah's followers has recently opened up a large tract of country in the "Horn of Africa," which, from the point of view of the field naturalist, has been little worked and is almost entirely unknown. Our scanty knowledge of the animal life of this vast region, which for so many years has been the preserve of the Dervishes, had only been supplemented from time to time by a handful of sportsmen and keen observers who have been attached to the native forces operating there.

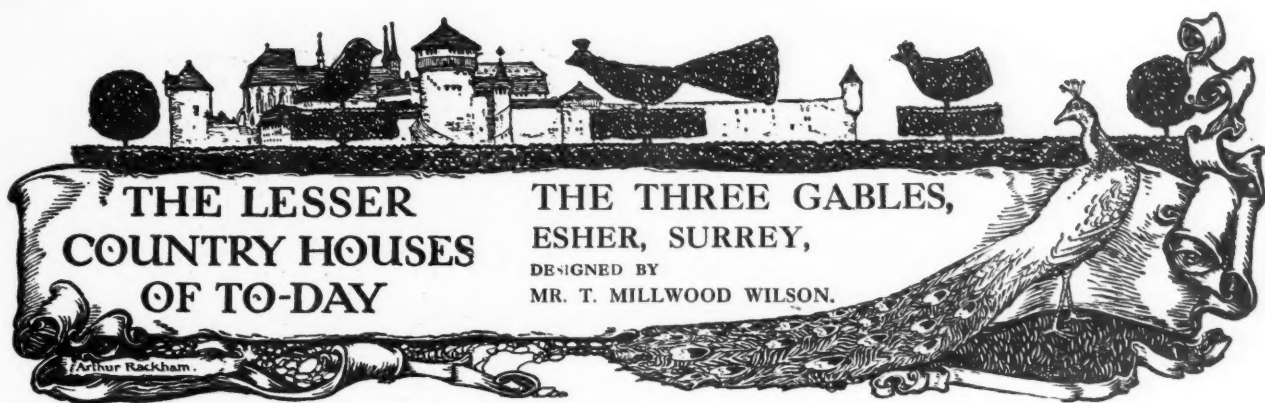
It is doubtful whether a single specimen of the rare local race of the black rhinoceros now exists in the Nogal Valley. Before the rise of Mahomed Abdullah, that is to say, before the free importation of arms into the interior, the rhinoceros was fairly common in the neighbourhood of the Bur Dab Range and south of it. Even as late as 1914 I saw the spoor near Eil Dab and Wadamogo. A few years previously I was fortunate in obtaining the skull of what must be one of the last of this race. This specimen is now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. A few may, however, still exist further west in the Ogaden country.

Another species whose habitat has been opened up by the dispersing of the Dervishes is the Dibateg, or Clarke's gazelle. This quaint antelope, specimens of which are seldom seen in collections and which in its habits closely resembles the Gerenuk, or Waller's gazelle, appears to inhabit quite a restricted area. On the few occasions that I have hunted it I have invariably found it browsing on certain stunted bdellium-producing trees which only appear to be found growing in the red earth country to the south and west of the Bur Dab Range.

South of Bohotleh, in the Italian sphere of influence, is found not only the rarest of the dik-diks, but to my mind the most beautiful, namely, Madoqua Piacentinii. Specimens of this dik-dik are probably only to be found in the collection in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. It was only a few years ago discovered and named by me in honour of Mr. Piacentini, the Italian Consul General in Aden, through whose kindness and courtesy I was enabled to send collectors to Obbia and the hinterland. It is strange that specimens of this beautiful little creature, which must have been frequently shot by officers during the first expeditions against the Mullah, should never have been sent home to this country.

Among carnivores there is a very rare type of desert leopard found in this region, which was given specific rank by Mr. Oldfield Thomas and named *Felis pardus nanopardus* on a single specimen obtained by Major Dunn, R.A.M.C., during one of the first expeditions against the Mullah. Two specimens, both of which were lost in transit and failed to reach this country, had been previously obtained by Captain Johnson Stewart, who was killed by the Dervishes. The only other specimen of this pigmy leopard known to exist was obtained by one of my collectors and presented by me to the British Museum of Natural History.

R. E. D.-B.



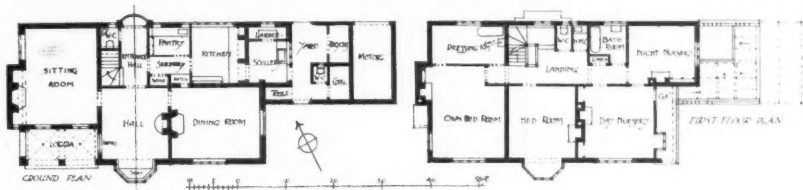
ESHER can boast high patronage, back through the centuries. The Great Cardinal lived there in Tudor days; Great Harry gathered the park into Hampton Court chase; and the association with royalty has continued to the present day, Claremont (which Clive built in 1768) being now a residence of the Duchess of Albany. But during our own generation Esher has experienced the changes which an ever-growing proximity to London makes inevitable. The octopus of building extends its arms and engulfs the countryside. Orchards spread their carpet of blossom for the last time, and the place knows them no more. Then come the villas with their neat little lawns, and the shops follow soon afterwards, so that what was once rural becomes urban and part and parcel of the congeries of London. The Strand was once a track between bramble bushes, but that was so long ago as almost to seem to belong to the beginnings of history; but no further back than the forties Wandsworth was a country place, and it is only within the last decade that the market gardens and fields which put a definite end to London at Mortlake have been swept away, so that Richmond is now "S.W." and not "Surrey."

With our present housing activities, possibly Esher may in the not far distant future share the fate of all the other places round about the metropolis. Some sense of this is given by the building developments which took place there in the years immediately preceding the war. Esher Park was then seized upon as a place where people with comfortable incomes could build houses for themselves in a pleasant setting. The houses are of very mixed character, but some at any rate show what better things are possible. Along one of the new roads that have been formed on the high ground of Esher are two houses which give evidence of the better manner. One is a house designed by Mr. Geoffrey Lucas; the other is "The Three Gables," here illustrated. This latter is the work of Mr. T. Millwood Wilson. It is a straightforward piece of design, and in its structure some recognition has been given to those qualities of craftsmanship in building which it is worth while striving to regain; for the Mechanical Age took them all away from us, and only with great difficulty can we get the material that is wanted, and then with greater difficulty endeavour to put it into form in the way that makes a fine wall or a good piece of roof tiling.

The brick carcase of "The Three Gables" is for the most part rough-cast, which is a manner of finish that has been too much favoured in recent years; but the chimneys, especially the triple stack that stands out boldly at one end of the house, emulate another and older manner and, with their effective corbelling, are very satisfying and happy.



GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





STAIRCASE AND FIRST FLOOR LANDING.

The plan of the house, as will be seen, resolves itself on the ground floor into a central furnished hall, with

the sitting-room and the dining-room on either side of it, the latter being well placed in regard to the kitchen; in which connection it may be noted that a serving hatch on the long wall near the door opens into a service lobby that adjoins the kitchen, and in this way gives convenience in the serving and clearing away of meals. One has to note, too, the well arranged covered lobby on the other side of the kitchen, with its space for bicycles and coal, and next to this is the little motor-house, which is not only very conveniently placed, but adds variety to the entrance elevation. On the first floor the bedrooms are only two in number, but these are of very goodly size, and the same remark applies to the day and night nurseries here provided. The staircase has an individual touch in its design, made up of intersecting bars filling the space between a few well designed balusters—all painted white, and capped with a dark handrail.

On the garden side a door opens from the hall into a loggia, and directly in front of the house on this side is the croquet lawn, with a low yew hedge between it and the path, while round about are the kitchen garden, a wild garden, a small rose garden and a tennis court, the whole forming an attractive home in such a quiet setting that one seems very far from the great city, though an eighteenth century milestone on the Portsmouth Road, near by, serves to remind us, in good Roman capitals and a flourish with the figures, that London is really only a dozen miles or so away.

UBIQUE.

## WELWYN GARDEN CITY

N EARLY twenty years have passed since Mr. Ebenezer Howard spread his enthusiasm for the making of a garden city. Fort Sunlight and Bournville had preceded his own effort, but these were proprietary exploits, whereas Letchworth came into being as a self-supporting communal city, and the balance sheet of the company which has directed its development proved in due course that a model town could be built and made a commercial success. That pioneer effort has found successors, both here and in America, and we are now to witness the establishment of a Second Garden City. This is to be erected on a very beautiful piece of Hertfordshire between Welwyn and Hatfield. A company has been formed,

the land has been purchased from the Marquess of Salisbury and Lord Desborough, a town development plan has been drawn up (Mr. C. M. Crickmer and Mr. Alan Foxley being the architects), and house building has commenced, as I was able to see when visiting the site last week, a batch of fifty houses being now in progress of erection. The accompanying plan shows the proposed lay-out. Its area will comprise four square miles, which have been purchased at an average cost of £40 per acre, including building timber, sand, gravel and brick earth. The translation of the site into a garden city is based on the familiar method of converting rural values into urban ones. But development will be on a co-partnership basis, and after a



THE SITE AND ITS LAY-OUT.  
Crickmer and Foxley.



A ROAD THROUGH SHERRARD'S PARK WOOD.



IN DIGSWELL PARK: THE MIMRAM.

return of 7 per cent. per annum, cumulative, has been taken as a first charge on the profits of the town, the remainder will go into the communal exchequer. The Great Northern Railway bisects the site, and not the least important fact in connection with the scheme is that the railway company are purchasing sixty-six acres for the making of a new station at Welwyn Garden City, and intend that this shall be their big southern junction.

The promoters of the scheme have in view, above everything else, the creation of a satellite city, not a place that shall become a dormitory suburb to London—twenty-one miles distant. The idea is that there shall be factories on the flat ground that lies to the east of the railway line, with houses for the workers placed conveniently near; then in the centre of the estate will be the town and shopping area, and on the highest part of the ground, beautifully wooded, the better residential houses will be built. Thus both the owner of a factory and his employees can all live within a short distance of their work, each having also the advantage of being housed very comfortably in country surroundings. Twelve houses to the acre is to be the maximum building density, an agricultural belt will enclose the whole, and we are assured that the charming valley of the Mimram will be left untouched, that Digswell Park will remain for ever the delight it now is, and that Sherrard's Park Wood will be treated "with the greatest care." The company will itself own many of the things that are needed by the community, including electricity and gas works, a monopoly which would be open to strong criticism but for the fact that the

return on the capital invested will be limited as above mentioned. On these lines it is proposed that Welwyn shall develop into a city with from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, a place about the size of Bedford, and there is expectation that it will be not only a success financially, but also will prove its merits so well that other satellite cities will spring up as the years go by. It is easy to criticise the scheme, but it is very difficult to conceive a better counter-proposal to the increasing growth of London. It certainly seems a good plan thus to put the workman and his work in a new country surrounding where time will not be lost in going to and fro and a far higher standard of physical well-being will be possible.

One thing, however, one can wish for. It is that this second garden city shall break away from those architectural affectations which unfortunately have made "garden city architecture" a byword. One could wish that the fashion that made houses mostly into roof and gave us all sorts of imitation-yeoman surroundings might be set aside. As an alternative, and a decided change for the better, I would suggest that the houses be built on the lines of that Late Georgian which is seen so admirably translated into modern terms in the houses on the Prince of Wales's estate at Kennington. This second garden city starts with high hope, and if in addition to its civic achievement in securing well-being and convenience could also be gained a thoroughly sound and satisfactory architectural expression, free from unrealities and cranky ideas, then, indeed, there are many who will give it their blessing and approval.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

## THE TRAGEDIES OF THE GOLD VASE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

**I** SUPPOSE my title is really a foolish one and nothing that happens at a game is really a tragedy. Certainly we should all be happier, as well as better golfers, if we did not regard our misfortunes at the game in that light. Yet the man who, in a big field of fine players, has the prize as good as in his pocket and then hurls it away in a crisis of nerves may not deserve, but certainly has the sympathy of all who ever took out a card and pencil. And my goodness! What throwings away of glorious chances, what slips between cup and lip there were at St. George's Hill at the end of last week when perhaps the strongest field in its history played for the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase. Certainly the course is as terrifying as well as a difficult one. The "Brontosaurus Country," as we call it nowadays—an emendation of the "Tiger Country"—might hold unknown and antediluvian monsters, so thick and tangled is it. There is to be sure no particular reason for getting into it—at least not for ordinary respectably short drivers; but there is some advantage even in being short, and one really big hook by Mr. Tolley or one of Lord Charles Hope's occasional slices on a grand scale, when he gets his long body in too soon, will send the ball into virgin forest. There were very few people who did not take at least a seven once in the thirty-six holes. There was always the dread possibility of disaster, and you could call no man happy till he was dead—at the last hole.

Now let us enumerate the tragedies. First and foremost comes Mr. Torrance. Here was a man who had played a good round of 78, only two behind the leader, in the morning, and with only four holes to go had a score of two under an average of fours in the afternoon; and yet he did not return a card. "It's no credible, but it's a fact," as Ben Sayers is reputed to have said when he was beaten by 6 and 5 on his own course. Till his misfortunes began Mr. Torrance was incredibly brilliant. Undoubtedly he is a very fine player indeed, big and strapping with a fine easy style and a thorough golfer in every shot. Perhaps he got frightened of his own good score—it is a very easy thing to do if one ever does a good score. At any rate, he entirely missed his drive at the long fifteenth, took two to get out of the trees and eight to the hole. Still, he might well have had a 74; nay, a 76 would have won him the prize. After a four at the sixteenth he pulled his second into a ditch at the seventeenth, and from that ditch he never emerged save with his ball in his pocket. He might have lifted and lost a stroke, but he did not know this, and it did not occur to him to find out. I remember some twenty or more years ago one of the greatest of amateur champions, after having a very fine first round in the St. George's Vase, at Sandwich, put his tee shot into the face of the Maiden. It was only after he had utterly wrecked his chances among those dreadful black terraces that it occurred to him that he might have teed his ball and lost two strokes. Mr. Torrance is a

much less experienced golfer than that champion and has the more excuse, but it was a bitter lesson and everybody felt extremely sorry for him, for he had played wonderful golf.

His disappearance cleared the way for another young Scotsman, Mr. Armour, who was also playing great golf, reaching the long holes in two shots with beautiful and enviable ease. To do the last three holes in four apiece was not very difficult for anybody. For him, with his length and power, it was not difficult at all. If he had done so he would have finished in 73. In fact, he finished in 6, 6, 5—78, throwing away stroke after stroke.

There were two more players with good chances, Mr. Harris and Mr. Tolley, and of these Mr. Harris is the most reliable of all amateur medal players. He also had three fours to win, and took a fatal seven at the sixteenth hole—a rather hooky iron shot landing the ball in so horrible a place that he had to pay the two stroke penalty and lift. Mr. Tolley had a good chance with four holes to go, and then came a seven followed by a six, two vast hooks from the tee landing him in terrible trouble.

It may be observed that I have as yet said nothing about the winner, Mr. Stonor Crowther. That is because he had no tragedy. He kept his head and kept the ball on the course and thoroughly deserved to win. His two rounds of 76 and 78 were almost models of sound, steady, cool-headed golf. Happy on this day of disasters was the golfer who had no history, and there is nothing particular to narrate about Mr. Crowther's rounds. He had a six or two—incidentally he topped his first drive and began with one—but, generally speaking, he kept along the middle of the course and away from the forests, holing no long putts but missing no short ones, and generally playing the kind of golf we should all like to play next medal day. He is much to be congratulated on his performance.

It was delightful to see Mr. Hilton playing again. He had not played two rounds of a course for a very long time and no competitive golf of any kind, and he was a tired man at the end of it. But he played some very good shots notwithstanding, and began by giving something more than a glimpse of his best. His first six holes in the morning in twenty-three shots were good enough for anything, and his perfect spoon shot cut into the wind at the short third—he nearly holed out in one—was reminiscent of old and great days. Another illustrious golfer whom it was pleasant to see again was Mr. Mure Fergusson, but things would not go right for him. He actually could not hole out, a very rare occurrence.

Altogether, although the note of tragi-comedy predominated, it was a very agreeable and interesting day's golf, and the course came well out of it. There are rather too many hills to my thinking, but a man must really play golf there; there can be no two opinions about that.



# THE RACES FOR THE "GUINEAS"

## HOW TETRATEMA CAME BACK.

THOSE judges of horses and the racing of them who believed that the Newbury form, as represented by Silvern and Tetratema, would be good enough to win the Two Thousand Guineas, were proved right. They were no doubt shaken as the day of the race drew near by the tales of what Paragon would do, how Daylight Patrol had improved, how Orpheus was the form horse, and how Lacrosse would, at any rate, stay the course; and I think I am not wrong in suggesting that Mr. Persse, the trainer of Tetratema, had his doubts. He believed in his horse because he believed the Newbury defeat was wrong. Yet he had his doubts and the one he feared most was Silvern. As between the two horses the reversal of form was simply amazing. Strictly on form they should have run something like a dead heat for the Two Thousand. What happened was that while Tetratema was winning, Silvern was hopelessly beaten. His showing was really melancholy. For some reason his form was nothing like what was expected of him, and yet neither trainer nor jockey can assign a cause. We must let it go at that, for the good reason that there is no alternative.

The most satisfactory feature of Tetratema's half-length victory over Mr. Walter Raphael's Allenby was that it was the outcome of an unusually clean, straight and true-run race. There could be no excuses for any of the defeated ones, no "ifs"; it was just a very fine test and the best horse won! It is not always that racing is so true and void of argument. Only a year ago heaps of excuses were made for Lord Basil on the ground that he had never been racing owing to his swerving. You may remember the result: he was made an odds-on favourite for the Newmarket Stakes a fortnight later and hopelessly trounced.

I read here and there that Allenby is certain to beat Tetratema when it comes to the Derby and its half-mile longer course. The chief reason advanced is that Allenby was not fit last week when he put up his very meritorious second. Allenby may win the Derby, but it will not be because he was only half fit when he ran second to Tetratema for the Two Thousand Guineas. The truth is that no horse short of fitness could have put up the performance he did. He ran like a well trained horse, and, that being so, it would, I suggest, be folly to judge his Derby prospects on alleged unfitness. He may stay better at Epsom, but there is no reason why he should do so. Tetratema fairly outstayed all his rivals over the Rowley Mile, and why should he not do the same where they are concerned at Epsom? I hope all will go well with Allenby between now and Epsom, but his legs are not ideally suited to training and racing on hard ground. We are tolerably certain to experience some between now and Derby day. Tetratema, on the other hand, is ideally built for the Epsom course, and one cannot imagine a handier horse for the turns, though he has yet to experience racing on that sort of course.

His stable companion, Prince Galahad, may yet have to be reckoned with. I know now that there was excuse for his feeble show against Daylight Patrol and Abbott's Trace for the Craven Stakes, and I am looking forward to a greatly improved display when he comes to run for the Newmarket Stakes next week. His joint owners, Mr. Lionel Robinson and Mr. Willie Clark are very popular and a big triumph for them with this horse would be exceedingly well received. Paragon, who ran third for the Two Thousand, is not in the Derby. He is a thick set, somewhat cobby colt by Radium, and he may never be much better than this form suggests. Yet he is sure to win races, for the third in the first of the classic races may always be relied on to do so. Orpheus was much boomed by the particular writer who declared

that Tetratema on his breeding could not possibly win a classic race, but even more remarkable was his post-race explanation that Tetratema was allowed to win because the other jockeys were gulled by Carslake into staying behind him until it was all over!

The time was also used as a means of belittling the grey horse's performance. It seems the fillies ran the distance appreciably faster for the One Thousand Guineas when, moreover, the going was much better than on the Wednesday. How ridiculous is the unofficial taking of times at Newmarket and elsewhere! They are taken by people at Newmarket who accept the start from the dropping of the white flag, and then must gauge approximately when the winner passes the judge, for they are far from being in line with the winning post. A writer in the *Observer* points out that two watches in the Press stand varied by one second, while another watch close to the winning post made the time four seconds less! The only way to time races in this country is by having an electrical device which synchronises with the raising of the tapes and having an official at the judge's box. But then times must ever be unreliable in this country where race courses and conditions underfoot vary so considerably. It is otherwise in semi-tropical



W. A. Rouch. CINNA, WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS. Copyright

countries where horses race on what are called "dirt tracks," and on which a great deal of racing takes place. Useful and reliable comparisons may then be taken.

Mr. Gilpin, who trains Paragon, is expected to produce a formidable Derby candidate in Sir James Buchanan's Sarchedon. What a great chance he would have if proved, say, 10lb. better than Paragon and Comrade, the latter having won the Paradise Plate at Hurst Park in great style a week ago! There is some prejudice against Sarchedon, and I believe it is not entirely absent from the stable. He is under suspicion for not being an absolutely genuine horse, but there have been occasions this spring when he has greatly impressed onlookers by his splendid speed and brilliant way of going. There have also been occasions when his behaviour has been disquieting, and altogether much will obviously depend on how he acquits himself in the searching gallops he must do between now and the Derby.

A very good sportsman in Sir Robert Jardine won the One Thousand Guineas with Cinna, an exceedingly good-looking mare by Polymelus from Baroness La Fleche. She won very

easily and in such style as to place beyond all doubt the question as to which was the best in the field. She was the best both in the Paddock and in the race, and I suppose she will now take a lot of beating for the Oaks.

Second was Cicerole and third Valescure, a filly by Swynford from Valve. Their prominence does not say much for the form, and probably it will be proved that they were a very moderate lot. A very unlucky one to miss getting a place was the King's chief candidate, Lemonade. So much was she fancied that she was made favourite, but it was her fate to get hopelessly closed in on at a time when she should have been as close as possible to Cinna. It was too late when at last she got clear, but then she made up a lot of ground to finish about fifth. By the way, both Tetratema and Cinna were bred by their owners, and so once again we see classic races won by horses which were not bought in the open market as yearlings. Allenby, second to Tetratema, was bred by his owner, by Bayardo from Tagalie, the grey mare that won the Derby in 1912; and Paragon was

only bought at auction by Sir Robert Paget because he was one of those which came into the market on the death of their breeder, the late Lord Falmouth.

This week-end an important meeting is taking place at Kempton Park, and to-day (Saturday) there is the race for the Jubilee Handicap. It is a very open race, but those which seem to be genuinely fancied at the moment are Arion, King John, Tangiers, African Star, Cygnus, Perion, Ugly Duckling, Fancy Man, Monteith and Trespasser. The entry, indeed, is well worthy of a Cambridgeshire. To attempt to deal in detail with the form would occupy far more space than is available. Those without form in 1920 are the first three named, Cygnus, Ugly Duckling and Fancy Man. Thus much has to be taken on trust where they are concerned. I regard Perion as the best handicapped horse in the race, and he was not disgraced by any means at Newmarket last week when Lord Glanely's good horse, Midshipmite, beat him at level weights for the March Stakes. Either he or Trespasser may win.

PHILIPPOS.

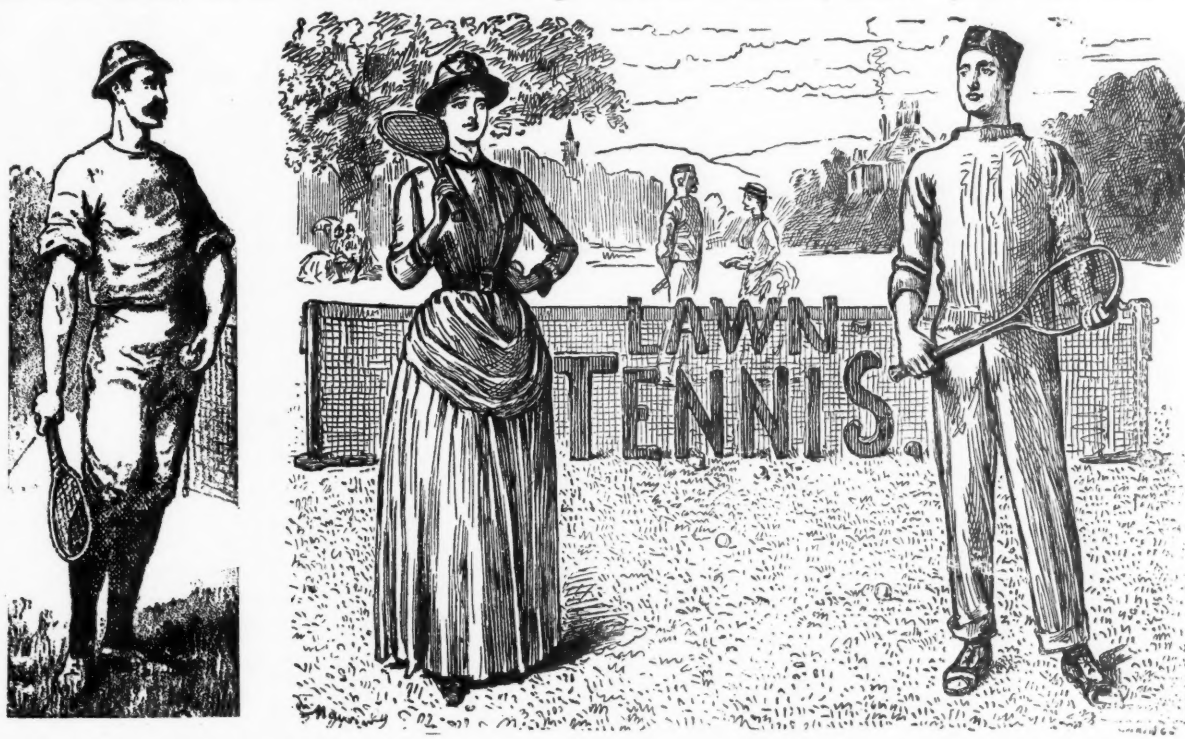
## LAWN TENNIS IN THE OLDEN TIME

IN the beginning there was a mysterious, undescribed "field tennis" played in the eighteenth century, as we know from an allusion to it by the entertaining, if bibulous, Mr. Hickey; but it cannot have been much like our game, for the ground of a small club measured four acres. Conceivably it was a sort of English lacrosse. The real commencement of lawn tennis was, of course, sphairistike or one of its congeners, played in polo caps, side-whiskers, "shorts" and a figure-of-eight court. Understandably enough, the mode of the side lines did not last long. How often even now does a ball go outside the side line of a double court? Relatively very seldom indeed, as one ought to reflect when returning a second service. But the mode of the costume persisted a little. There is an early handbook of lawn tennis, on the front cover of which is depicted a man with a racket—big calved, small capped, Quidaesquely moustached. The counsel in it is still good as far as it goes, although the author alludes to the innovations of the young Messrs. Renshaw with obvious restraint. Much later, indeed, Dr. E. W. Lewis, as brilliant a doubles player as there is in the game to-day, used to flash about the court in brown stockings and snowy white knee breeches. Soon after his time and that of the wonderful veteran Meers—Meers liked a gymnastic instructor's kit, singlet and dingy trousers, to which he added spectacles, ladies were disappointed if he beat Lewis—lawn tennis got into a rather poor way. The "boom" days, the days of the craze, when at the Wimbledon meeting a sovereign was paid for a brick to stand on, had gone, and not much money came its way. The most of it was played at suburban clubs on courts very much under-rolled, where ladies never tried back-hand strokes. Certain tournaments persisted, but the English *v.* Irish match died. Then perhaps the influence of Queen's Club began to be felt; it had supplanted the cramped old Hyde Park court, where the striker-out stood for a fast service almost literally with his back against the wall. At a

certain meeting at Queen's in the 'nineties you might have seen—so does one epoch overlap the next—Mr. W. Renshaw knocking up indoors, and Mr. W. A. Larned in a tournament outside. If the two had foregathered in a three-set match the veteran might easily have won. Those forehand shots, certainly old-fashioned, taking the ball late in its bound, what power and timing they showed! Larned was one of the early American invaders, and, short of practice as he was, he must have felt his position, as the police court reports say, on his first public appearance. His was a noticeable figure, too, standing in boxers' laced-up boots nearly 6ft. tall; hair parted (as was rare then) exactly in the middle, falling from the comb white on one side, dark brown on the other. The late H. S. Barlow well summed up his brilliant game: "This Yankee makes some very good strokes, and some very bad ones."

Experiments were decried then, just as they are now. The model held up to every young singles player was Mr. H. A. B. Chapman, who never left the base line, and whose right forearm, which he twisted in a curious way when serving, was like a blacksmith's; it looked twice the size of the left one. All the same, there were experimenters. Mr. Patterson and Mr. McLoughlin found their game on their first service, and Mr. S. H. Smith founded his just as effectively on his forehand drive. This was a round arm bash—more, it was a pivot blow from the hips like that with which long ago La Blanche the marine turned the tables on the nonpareil Dempsey; far severer than the most merciless kill of a lady's short second service with the Colonial backhand, the stroke which employs the forehand face of the gut (so that in time the racket becomes bowed convexly forward) and which Antony Wilding wisely, but with much trouble, discarded.

At the net Smith would often smash by letting the ball drop to within 6ins. of the height of the cord, then "swooshing" it across. You hardly marked it pitch in court before it was



FROM A HANDBOOK OF  
THE EIGHTIES.

THE DU MAURIER TITLE PAGE TO "LAWN  
TENNIS" IN 1886.



among the spectators, perhaps perforating a parasol like an enormous bullet. A lean, game, red-headed figure, the tips of his unoccupied fingers "ever at his lips"—bidding adieu, one could only suppose, to the unhappy ball—he was anybody's master for two sets. After that, the exertion of the punching and of running round most of the back-handers beat him. Against a classic player lopsidedness will not win in the long run, as Mr. McLoughlin found, too. The "Does," both of whom, alas! died young, were, however, about the only ones who could teach Mr. Smith this lesson—the elder full of reach and fire, both utterly easy and graceful. Old gentlemen who had seen Ernest Renshaw felt as they did then ("Why, I could do that!"), only this time they kept quiet and did not excruciate their juniors. There is a man opposite to pass, yards of room for the operation on one side of him, and only 2ft. on the other. But the compartments chalked on a wall net high, at which Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen practised driving, will show what may be done in this line by a "juggler born"—and the ball goes from "H. L.'s" long-swinging backhand through the 24in. space right to the back line, and he as *debonair* all the time as Mr. Max Beerbohm's undergraduate Duke drowning himself for no love of Zuleika Dobson. After "R. F." had won his third championship or so, *Pastime* (which one would think should have a successor) gravely pronounced that such a high standard had not been seen since the time of Pim, if, indeed, ever. To the last "R. F." took the left-hand court, and had once or twice to return a first service or lose the Davis Cup. He did the former, generally so as to make the score deuce again at once.

Mr. Ritchie could write the history of this period very well. At its beginning he was on the hither side of the gulf between second and first class players; at its end happily landed on the far one. We are in modern times now, with the photographs of M. Decugis in a *transpiraleur* very far from a novelty. The genius of lawn tennis has cosmopolitanised herself. The French, if not altogether the Italians, have adopted the British modification of their own old Royal game. The one-time accomplishment of Tooting has become not a negligible qualification for a junior diplomat. Strips of white marble, inlaid in the floor of a stately hall, do duty for the primeval and short-lived tapes which caught one's toe, or the livid linear smudges on the autumn back garden lawn; and tournaments now resemble international congresses, with a Japanese sitting aloft, something between a cherub and a gargoyle, watching over an Australian-Parisian contest. Formerly, all trace of lawn tennis courts in an odd corner of a county ground had to be cleared off in a hurry when a certain noble cricketer was expected; now, there are less likely events than that lawn tennis will get bigger than cricket. But one feature at least is not likely to alter. In 1920 we wonder as Rabelais did in 1530, why a single stroke at tennis counts fifteen.

## THE AMATEUR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE All-Comers Competition in the Amateur Tennis Championship this year has been very full of interest. For one thing, it has lifted a mere handicap player into a player of potential championship form. Mr. G. R. Westmacote, who has won handicaps from long starts, commenced his tennis career most seriously this year. In beating Mr. C. T. Agar in his first match, he did a useful performance, coming out strong when the match seemed to be going against him. But in getting a set against Mr. E. A. C. Druce, holder of the Gold Racket at Lords and challenger to Mr. E. M. Baerlein, he lifts himself clearly out of the ruck. He is far from a champion at present, but with a really good eye, pace, power and ability to "stick to" an opponent, any player should go far, and Mr. Westmacote has all these.

Mr. W. Renshaw, good player though he is in the Manchester court, never got used to the court at Queen's Club. He is clumsy on his back-hand, though he gets the ball up all right and brings it down more sharply off the back wall than his stroke would seem to warrant. His service improved as he went on, but it was not what he meant it to be and what he was accustomed for it to be. He was beaten by Mr. Marshall absolutely legitimately, three games to nil. Mr. Marshall played the better tennis throughout and peppered the weak back-hand unmercifully. Mr. Renshaw should have had more practice in the court than he did, but one cannot always take a month off for pleasure in this life. Mr. V. A. Cazalet will make a good player one day, even a champion, quite possibly. He has beautiful strokes, can "stop" really well and has a big knowledge of match-play for a man of his years. He has yet to learn, however, that the study of your opponent's weakness is at least as important as the study of your own strength.

Mr. C. N. Bruce has all the makings of a champion, the most important of them, match-play, having been apparent in him for many years. His hands were soft, however, and he was playing in pain in his final match. His service does not suit the Queen's court, the curious half-drop, half side-walk service he uses from the back-hand court. He must find another for the Queen's court, and that other, the underhand service, seems easily attainable to him.

Mr. E. A. C. Druce had a too strenuous week. He met Captain R. K. Price, "the player who never gives up," in the first round, and won after a very long set by 3 games to 1. The difference in games was only 20 to 18, or 2 games, and the match went over two hours. His match with Mr. Clarence Bruce was no walk-over; and his final in the All-Comers' Final lasted over two hours and a half.

The match against Mr. Marshall was a great one. Mr. Druce had need of all his stamina and knowledge, not only of tennis, but of all the many games he has played, to pull him through. Mr. Marshall is that most deceptive of players—and the most upsetting—who can apparently go hopelessly to pieces, pull himself together at will, and play unexpectedly like a very champion. More than once Mr. Druce seemed to have the match in his pocket, thanks to his wonderful steadiness and deadly power of return; and then Mr. Marshall would play with the confidence—not to mention the ability—of the man who could give him 15! The score (3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 5-6, 6-5) shows what a fight it was. F. B. WILSON.

## A GIFT TO LONDON

OF all the incidents of the War connected with London there was none more worthy of a permanent record than the National Peace Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's on July 6th, 1919. The occasion was perhaps the greatest within the memory of man, at once a National Thanksgiving to Almighty God and a tribute to the men and women by whose sacrifice peace was bought. It is fitting that it should be kept before our eyes and those of our children's children, and Sir Horace Brooks Marshall has earned the gratitude of his fellow citizens by commissioning Mr. Frank Salisbury to make it the subject of the painting which he is presenting to the Royal Exchange. A dim interior and two large pillars suggest the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral without an exact representation, for the artist has subordinated the majestic setting of the scene to the interest of a group of notable people assembled at the doorway. The Royal trumpeters in the foreground supply conventionality to the design such as we are inclined to expect in paintings intended for the decoration of public buildings. Immediately above them the robes of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and Sir Horace Brooks Marshall, as Lord Mayor of London, carry on the brilliance with less formality, leading on the eyes to the central figures of the King and Queen with Queen Alexandra at the head of the steps. The moment chosen is that of the giving of the benediction by the Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE NATIONAL PEACE THANKSGIVING SERVICE.  
Mr. Frank Salisbury's picture at the Academy.

# AMUSEMENTS IN AN ARMY OF OCCUPATION

BY CAPTAIN J. B. OAKLEY

**A**LTHOUGH Armies of Occupation have only existed officially since February 1st, 1919, they have, in reality, on certain fronts been in operation since November, 1918. The Fifth Cavalry Division, pressing hard on the heels of the flying Turk, entered Aleppo on the evening of October 26th. Trek-tired and weary, the Fighting Division, under General MacAndrew, wound its lengthy column over the

Mountains was not reassuring either, and firewood and coal became almost unobtainable.

The only beverages obtainable at this time were native wines and army rum, and as the former consisted chiefly of sweet alicante, methylated cognac and arak, one became quite a connoisseur of the latter and the different methods of making rum punch. One quartermaster sergeant in particular made



Donkey Transport



Camel Transport

Kuwaik Su Bridge and entered the ancient Turkish stronghold. Some of the units were at once stationed close to the town, taking over the barracks and vast stores and depots vacated by the enemy, while some of us, not so lucky, were pushed forward to Mouslimie, the important junction of the Mesopotamian and Palestine Railway, and there formed a line of outpost defence. On November 11th the Armistice with Turkey was signed, and shortly after several cavalry units were sent still further north to Killis, Jerablus (on the Euphrates) and Aintab, and the outpost line near Aleppo was no longer required.

Now followed a period even more difficult to put up with than actual war itself. A trek of over 400 miles in a space of

two months, following that nightmare of a sojourn in the Jordan Valley, had reduced the vitality of both man and horse to a very low ebb, and, consequently, the sick-roll in both cases was large. Malignant malaria, contracted in the valley, took toll of many brave lives, and an outbreak of anthrax, coupled with debility cases, made havoc among the horses. Railway communication not being completed and roads rendered unfit by the heavy rains delayed the passage of canteen stores, and the rations had perforce to consist chiefly of mutton—caught, killed and eaten the same day.

Shall we ever forget the taste of it?

Of course, we did get goat sometimes as a variation!

Christmas Day was on the horizon, with no hope of any puddings; but most units were able to produce

some kind of Christmas dinner and a pudding concocted from local ingredients, followed by special trains to the "Palmtree's Concert Party" in Aleppo, and a fox hunt on New Year's Day, while whist drives and sing-songs helped to break the deadly monotony of the long winter evenings. During the day there was plenty to occupy one—roads to make in the mud, stones to be carted, buildings and shelters erected, and, more than all, the attempt to get a little of the dirt off one's animal and a little more flesh on his bones.

After the 130° or so of heat—in the shade—in the Jordan Valley the cold in Syria seemed intense, and ice had frequently to be broken before the morning wash. The snow on the Taurus

quite a reputation for himself as a punch mixer, and among his favourite ingredients were oranges, lemons, figs, condensed milk, cloves, nutmeg, pepper, ginger and boiling water.

New Year's Eve saw and heard an officers' dinner, and all those from far and near flocked to a small building near to the station, and under the able presidency of popular Lieutenant-Colonel Wigan of the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry and the direction of a Yorkshire veterinary officer and a captain of the Deccan Horse, the Old Year—and in some cases two Old Years—was seen out amid a score of toasts, the fumes of aromatic punch, and the strains of a buckshee piano.

In February the 14th Cavalry Brigade held a race meeting on a short grass track of two and a half furlongs, discovered hiding among the rocks. A Totalisator was run by an Australian in the interests of the brigade. Several scurries and mule races took place, and everyone enjoyed the fun thoroughly, especially the mules.

The Machine Gun element sprung a surprise on one and all by winning the Grand Prix, open to the 5th Cavalry Division, with Nobbler,

a horse which was to have run at Gaza in 1918, but was scratched owing to lameness. Lion, a mobilisation horse of the Sherwood Rangers and a prime favourite, came in second, and both horses were ridden at 11st. 7lb.

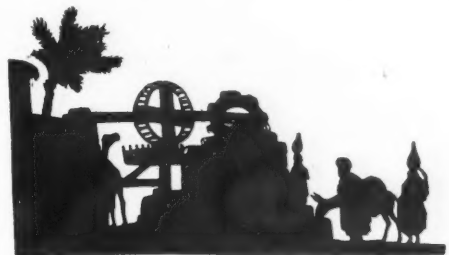
In March the 14th Cavalry Brigade took over their Aleppo quarters from the 13th, and the latter were removed many miles to the north, where they also held a local meeting. Captain Fraser of the Royal Horse Artillery was now given the task of turning a waste piece of ground on the western side of the town into a racecourse, and by



Water Carriers



"Oranges and Tobac!"



An Old Waterwheel.



MOSQUES

AND

MINARETS



dint of much hard work and begging of materials he completed quite a good course of four furlongs. The Royal Engineers erected a grand stand of sandbags and a Totalisator.

The first Aleppo Race Meeting was held on March 8th, and a goodly representative gathering of the Army and civilian inhabitants of Aleppo assembled. After this, race meetings were held regularly every alternate Saturday throughout the summer. The course was laid on fairly level ground and, at the start of the season, had a thin covering of grass, which, unfortunately, soon was burnt up by the fierce sun and worn bare by frequent use, being replaced afterwards by litter.

Though at first only a four furlong scurry, the course has now been extended to eight furlongs, and laid much in the same fashion as Kempton Park, with a straight of four furlongs, and the remainder an oval. One drawback to this course is that it crosses a high road in two places. On race days mounted Military Police are stationed outside the rails to keep order, and British Tommies are on duty in the enclosures, keeping the gates, serving refreshments and assisting in the Totalisator. A recent attraction has been the admirable rendering of popular music by the band of the Queen's Bays.

Of amateur jockeys and gentlemen riders there have been plenty, among the most successful being Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent, R.A.S.C., Major Walker, R.A., Captain Sir Robin Paul, and Lieutenant Dowling. We much missed Lieutenant Stanley Wooten of the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, who has hitherto been such a popular rider in the E.E.F. The late Major-General Sir Harry MacAndrew, Lieutenant-General Sir H. Chauvel and Major-General Barrow have, all in turn, shown much interest in the races, and General Geaffar Pasha, the Military Governor of Aleppo, and successor to General Shukri Pasha (generally known to us as "Sugary Parsnips"), often enters one of his beautiful Arab chargers in the Arab class races and usually successfully. His jockey rides in the colours of the Hedjaz Army—red, white, black and green.

But the horses are now paraded in the paddock, and we must go and inspect them. This is an Arab race, and all sorts and conditions of men and horses are in the ring and a terrific hubbub is going on. Some of the ponies are well groomed and fit, others thin and badly cared for. Some have long, unkempt manes and tails; others are bedecked with beads and shells and long scarlet tassels. Saddle cloths of brilliant hue are numerous, while the riders are a curious and motley assembly; some bare foot, some booted and spurred—and a spur is a spur with an Arab. Others are in long, flowing robes, with the burnous and kafeia of the Bedouin flying in the wind; some with knives, some with swords, some with pistols, and some with sticks; and, lastly, two are dressed like real jockeys, and they know it, and show it, too!

Just now there is chaos, as half the competitors are evidently of the opinion that they should go round the paddock in one direction, while the other half wish to go the reverse. Therefore



After the Battle.

there is loud shouting and much gesticulation, with many "Waheds" and "Achmeds" and "Macknoons." But there! The bell goes, and the starters begin to file out of the gate as they struggle out of the seething mass. Away down the course to the starting point; and here the starter will, no doubt, have his work cut out.

A variegated crowd is lining the rails on the opposite side of the track. Turbaned Abduls and Yussefs, boys and little girls, men on donkeys, fruit-sellers, Arabiyehs, camels—all in brightest colours, and a pandemonium of noise. Stray pi dogs are continually warned off the course, and venerable Arab Sheiks, who

do not understand, and start for a nice walk along the wide grass track.

Yes, there is plenty for the smart Military Policemen to do, and their burnished swords and bright shoulder epaulets flash in the sun as they herd the crowd out of danger.

In the officers' enclosure there are many strange types. Abdul Achmed Yussef is there, with a scimitar in one hand, like the Sultan of Turkey, and a huge white umbrella in the other hand, and on his head he wears a red tarbush. Iskanderian Abedian is there with his fat wife and two fat daughters, all the latter in black silk gowns and white silk stockings. But this is the Turkish style of beauty; the better bred, the fatter, is their standard. Arab troops and Arab *gendarmes* in their quaint spiked headgear are there too; while hundreds of British Staff officers (where they come from or what they do, we don't know) with tabs of all colours—and, as one officer remarked to me only the other day, "when the blue and green tabs appear, it's time to capture another town"—and a sprinkling of combatant officers, English sisters, French attachés and American Red Cross workers represent the Western world.

Now we go and place our solitary £ T 10, on a promising pony ridden by one of the two "real" jockeys. It is all we can spare, as the field cashier happens to be away—as usual.

Suddenly a bugle blows, and we hear the usual cry "They're off," but they are not. At least, two are, and there is no stopping those two. No, they mean to carry on now. Neck and neck they go, and soon they are round the distant corner and thundering past the four-furlong point. On they come, shouting for Allah and Mohammed, and standing high in their stirrups they wave their sticks madly in the air, yelling at each other with all the frenzy of the faithful followers of El Islam. A dead heat! They reach the post and gallop wildly on, to end up somewhere on the banks of the Kuwaik Su.

Now the bugle goes again, and the start has really begun this time, the field getting away in something like a compact lump; but soon they string out, and we notice our two orthodox men well in the rear. This time the race is even more exciting, and as the post is neared the yells of defiance, the flowing robes, the waving arms and the bump, bump, bump of the riders bring pictures to the mind of the fiery followers of Saladin.

Well, it's over at last, and our choice and the other smartly dressed jockey are miles behind; but that does not matter, as we hear the winner is only paying out £ T 5.

Oh, that "Tote"! Six races is the usual number run; and then the sun sinks behind the Taurus Mountains, the shadows



A Bath from a Bucket.

fall long and blue, and the high-up citadel flanked by mosques and minarets becomes bathed in the orange light of the setting rays. As the last horse is led in the crowd flows back towards the town, the arabiyeh drivers crack their whips, the camels grunt, the Staff start up their motor cars, and the combatant officers, with light hearts and lighter pockets, mount their chargers and wend their way back to camp.

Such is an Aleppo race meeting, and so do we attempt to pass the monotony of an enforced exile in a barren and a dreary land. Very soon the rain will come and then the mud, and then we shall look for the Christmas parcels, the English books, the local papers; and, more than all, that long promised holiday for the Army of Occupation Volunteer!